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## THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1868.

### TEMPERATENESS IN POLITICS.

AMERICANS who still think it worth while to cherish respect for the institutions and concern for the dignity of their country, are constantly outraged by the gross speech and occasionally by the gross behavior of publicists whose conspicuousness renders them, however we may regret the fact, representative men of the nation. In legislative assemblies and, unhappily, in the columns of leading newspapers the habit of abandoning self-restraint and of indulging in coarse personal invective has grown and spread until at last it has lost the quality of novelty, so that Congressmen and editors may abuse each other like drunken sailors or angry fish-wives without attracting any particular attention. The most disgraceful epithets, the most dishonorable imputations against character, are, in our time, freely bandied by persons occupying positions that formerly would have been supposed to certify their occupants as gentlemen; and, what to our mind is worse, such animadversions are either coolly submitted to or merely retorted in kind by men of the same grade as their assailants. We are forced to conclude either that feelings of personal honor are much less sensitive than formerly, or that words, by general tacit consent, no longer carry their former legitimate meaning. When people curse at each other in constitutional conventions, hurl books and inkstands at each other in state assemblies and city councils, call each other plunderers and conspirators on the floor of Congress, give each other the lie direct in newspapers, and attack private character in unequivocal terms from the rostrum; when all these things are said and done and no consequences, or none to speak of, follow, the conclusion to which a disinterested observer is impelled is rather awkward. Our grandfathers would have said that all the parties concerned must needs be not gentlemen, but low blackguards; the assailed for not resenting the attacks made upon them, the assailants for making the attacks, knowing that in no dangerous way were they likely to be resented. We do not see that the resource of declaring that the hard words really mean nothing personally offensive, or that they are to be construed in a Pickwickian sense, furnishes any just excuse to those who employ them since it leaves the offenders in the attitude of insulting their readers and hearers as well as their special opponents by the flagrant violation of good breeding, and since unmeaning vituperation is the habitual weapon of the coarsest and lowest of the human family.

Now, the abolition of the duello may be an excellent thing, it has certainly been the means of saving many valuable lives, and we are far from purposing, even by implication, to advocate its restoration; yet it is undeniable that it prevented much which in more modern society is highly objectionable, and that inasmuch as it left behind it no substitute, its loss is seriously felt. If Mr. Horace Greeley knew that the immediate effect of one of his delicate personal attacks in *The Tribune* would be an invitation to a quiet walk the next morning under the trees of Weehawken or Staten Island, an invitation that he could not possibly shirk, and which might possibly end in very uncomfortable consequences, *The Tribune* during these past years would have been a much more decorous newspaper and its editor a much less objectionable controversialist. It may be urged that the old system in some respects was less favorable to genial social intercourse. For example, if under its régime Mr. Greeley had publicly applied the most abusive terms to which he could lay his pen to the collective members of the Union League Club and by some means had escaped being called to a personal account, it is improbable that he would subsequently have been welcomed to the festivities of that club by the gentlemen he was good enough to call blockheads and jackasses a short time before. It would perhaps be indiscreet to suggest to our many friends of the Union League that a

little of this loving kindness, of this abounding spirit of forgiveness, might not ungracefully and with equal propriety be exhibited in other directions; but this is not our immediate business and we forbear. It might not be better for individuals concerned, but it unquestionably would be better for the tone and breeding of the community at large, were personal responsibility for word and action as rigidly enforced as it was under the code of honor.

The usual reply when questions like this are raised is that public opinion now happily renders superfluous a barbarous system which it has superseded. We should rejoice were the reply incontestably an accurate one. But in point of fact, is it not substantially voice and nothing more? How far does public opinion prevent men from saying outrageously insolent things to and of each other in Congress? How far does it prevent unpolished and ill-tempered editors from blackguarding their opponents in their editorial columns? How far does it punish the man—and this is the crucial test—for violence or detraction of which he would not have dared to be guilty had he known that a tangible physical risk and not an intangible public opinion must be encountered as the immediate penalty? Public opinion without question now sustains a man who declines a challenge; but does it, as logically it ought, in the same measure chastise the man who is guilty of conduct that would have cost a challenge before? Assuredly not. And here the system is lopsided, discriminating in favor of the coarse-minded, the unchivalrous, the pachydermatous, and against the gentle, the sensitive, and—if we may be pardoned for using a shockingly abused word—the “high-toned.” It is all very well for a man who does not care a button for being called a thief, a liar, or a poltroon to go about calling others so; but how is it for those who entertain an insurmountable objection to such compliments? The rationale of the situation is that men, however rough in fibre and thick in skin, dislike lead and cold steel quite as much, to say the least, as do their more fastidious brethren, and the duel thus acted as a check upon arrogant, ill-balanced, and presumptuous natures for which “public opinion” has not yet been sufficiently educated to constitute an adequate substitute.

But where is the remedy? In the restoration of the duello and the code of honor? For the sake of humanity and the progress of civilization, certainly not. There cannot well be retrogression here. The remedy, and, so far as we can see, the only practicable one, lies in the education of that public opinion which, if we are right, is not yet sufficiently educated to do its duty in the premises. If we can imagine society so generously cultivated as to regard a gross wrong put upon the feelings or character of one of its members as a wrong done to itself, we should realize a public opinion educated to the proper point. In such a society the Congressman or editor who so far abused his position as to be guilty of the offence in question would simply be sent to Coventry until the offence was apologized for or otherwise atoned. It requires no demonstration to prove that a man who commits an offence to which no definite penalty is attached, but who would otherwise be cautious to avoid such an act, cannot possibly be a gentleman. Not being a gentleman he is unfit for decent society, and society is right to put him under its taboo. The general proposition is almost certain to be upheld by collateral evidence in all cases where it is sought. He who readily permits himself to slip into safe vituperation is almost certain to be a man who is unfit to be in a drawing-room with ladies, to sit down at your table, or otherwise to participate in the amenities of fairly civilized society. You will find, on enquiry, a hundred trifling, it may be, but significant proofs that such is the fact. What society needs, then, is more boldness in self-defence; and this boldness comes with the culture that reveals its propriety.

Most of the bad manners, the coarse expressions, and the fantastic conceits by which our social life is deteriorated, and which have been so sharply satirized by foreigners, have their origin in the intemperate nature of our political discussions, and so find their worst expression in political assemblies and political newspapers. The satire is often well deserved, and, particularly as regards our journalism, ought to have done more good than it has. Such an article, for example, as that of *The*

*Saturday Review* of March 14 on *The New York Tribune* should be highly beneficial, since it is in no sense disrespectful to the American people, but merely holds up to merited ridicule what does them undeserved discredit. We shall never attain the rank in civilization which the thoughtless claim we have already accomplished until that temperateness in political discussion which comes of culture, experience, self-control, and the habit of looking at both sides becomes more common among us. At present very large numbers are too ready to assume, like the silly *Springfield Republican*, that persons are “wicked” who happen to differ from them in opinion, and that of course the wicked cannot be too despitely abused. It is clear that, so long as such views as these are gravely entertained, our civilization has still much to accomplish. Had they been less prevalent than they have been—had the moral of the old story of the shield that was gold on one side and silver on the other been more generally appreciated among us—untold blood and treasure might have been spared to the nation; and were they less prevalent now, we might still, notwithstanding the past, instead of being alienated, discontented, and anxious for the future, become once more and speedily a united, happy, and hopeful people.

### THE PARDONING POWER.

THE abuse of the pardoning power has long been a favorite subject for the angriest paragraphs of the partisan press. It has been freely charged against every incumbent of the gubernatorial office during the last ten years—always, however, by the newspapers of the opposite party—that villains of the most abandoned kind had been pardoned and let loose upon a crime-encumbered community. We are well aware that such charges are very easy to make, and may perhaps be made effective in a campaign; but we are not prepared to accept the conclusion that pardons in New York have been recklessly made under the pressure of political influence. If any such instance should ever come to our knowledge, we should not hesitate to denounce it in a manner befitting such an abuse. We believe that it is usual to make public the reasons upon which pardons are made, and they are generally such as commend themselves to the wise and the humane. Where a criminal is not hopelessly abandoned to crime, and where his conduct during confinement gives reasonable promise of amendment, surely it is more humane to give the convict another chance to efface the memories of the past and build for himself a more hopeful future. When to these considerations are added others that are convincing, that the crime was committed under extraordinary circumstances and not the result of a vicious training or a bad heart, it would seem that the pardoning power might safely be invoked. Add to these considerations the other one, that the convict when released would not be subjected to the evil influences of bad companions, or the temptation which is born of want or vice or bad passions, and there would appear to be no reason to doubt that the convict so circumstanced ought to receive executive clemency.

Now, Edward B. Ketchum has been the inmate of a convict's cell at the state prison in Sing Sing for two years; he has still two unexpired years of his term to serve. In his case all the before-named considerations seem combined to recommend him as a fitting person to pardon. We know that efforts have been made with this end in view. Some of the best men in his city have joined in asking for clemency for him. Long lists of names have been attached to petitions in his favor, and the men who suffered from the forgeries for which he was sentenced are among the foremost in asking for the remission of that sentence. All the circumstances of the young man's career plead in his favor. An aged father and mother, a devoted young and broken-hearted wife tearfully ask, but ask in vain. Is not the majesty of the law vindicated! Does not the continuation of his imprisonment look as if it were feared that pardon in his case would be turned into a cry of injustice? Is it feared that it will be said by these amiable masters of ours, who rule us so well, that there is clemency for the rich man's son and none for the poor? If his pardon be retarded for any such craven fear as this, then it is time the pardoning power was placed in a board or court of pardons, as is the case in a sister state. Because this unfortunate

youth fell from high social position and has respectable friends, must he continue to drag his chain for two years longer, linked with every form of misery and crime? Alas! then it were better for him had he been some common, debased, and crime-bred thief! Is he a worse man than hundreds who have been pardoned? What are the reasons for the continued refusal of the governor? Let us hear them and perhaps they will convince us. But in the absence of any reasons being given, the governor must not complain if people devise reasons for themselves. For our part, we think the law has been fully vindicated, and that the continued imprisonment of this young man is simply inhuman.

#### INTERNATIONAL COINAGE.

IN July, 1867, when the free conferences held at Paris under the auspices of a select committee appointed by the commissioners of the great industrial exhibition, met to discuss the unification of the world's coinage, Michel Chevalier, the distinguished political economist, read a letter announcing that the East India chambers of commerce had unanimously agreed to substitute the French gold for the silver standard of value, and that the colonial government would no doubt sanction the change. The delegates to the conference, who, as was subsequently ascertained from their votes, nearly all favored the French system, were highly gratified on learning what they justly regarded as a proof of the correctness of their own views and a further guarantee of an early adoption of the proposed monetary union. The accession of India, they felt convinced, would not only secure a more extensive circulation to the new coinage, but obviate one of the most common objections hitherto urged against its general introduction, *i. e.*, the great demand for silver in Lower Asia. At first there seemed to exist in some quarters a disposition to question the soundness of these inferences, and especially on the part of Germany and those countries which, like Holland and the Scandinavian north, are more or less closely connected with her trade and industry. It was alleged that before acceding to the French gold standard they would have to be shown some possibility of getting rid of their surplus silver; but of this possibility the action of the East India chambers of commerce must measurably deprive them in future. By the new market opened there to gold its value would increase. With gold at a premium, the silver would be withdrawn from circulation and become an article of merchandise, and the consequence would be that the very benefits which might otherwise have been derived from accepting a coinage based on an exclusive gold standard would be lost. The proposed change seemed therefore to hold out no real advantage as far as these countries were concerned, although their consent required two considerable sacrifices, namely, the expense of recoinage the silver on hand and the loss of 1½ per cent. on its present value. But these objections, at least as far as Germany is concerned, appear to have been ably met by some of the highest scientific authorities. It has been demonstrated that, next to British India, China and Japan are the Eastern countries which place a greater estimate on silver as compared with gold than the Western nations, and it is by them that all the surplus silver will still continue to be absorbed. But even were the French gold standard to become universal, silver would still retain an important utility value as change and merchandise, and there was hence no good reason why Germany should oppose the reform. It is just because of this necessity for fractional currency—which, on the establishment of a gold standard, would embrace not only amounts below one thaler, as at present, but all amounts below 3½ thalers, or perhaps even below 6½ thalers—that it could only be a very small portion of her silver which Germany would have to spare. According to the terms of the monetary convention concluded January 23, 1865, between France, Italy, Belgium, and Switzerland, and the preliminary treaty of July 31, 1867, between France and Austria, six francs silver may be coined for the use of every inhabitant, which would give the use of more than 60,000,000 of thalers for Germany alone. As regards the cost of coinage which a transition to the international system requires, it would, however, be by no means

so great as supposed. Even were the gold standard to be rejected, the money of the South German states could hardly expect to outlast the political dismemberment of the country, for national unity naturally implies monetary unity, and the expense of recoinage being much less for gold than silver, these states would therefore still be the gainers by it. The same reasoning applies substantially in relation to the North German states which have not yet adopted the thaler standard, while those that have would be able to retain their silver thaler as change by simply increasing its present value to four francs and confining its use to all smaller transactions.

The prospects that Germany will accede to the French gold standard are therefore highly favorable, and the example of British India shows how little more is needed to perfect the chain which must sooner or later gird the whole globe. Let the two most essential links—the United States and England—be added, and this monetary chain will be complete. As to the first, we have only to say that the report of Mr. Ruggles, our delegate at the Paris conferences, as well as the bill now pending before Congress, justify the expectation that the new world will not lag behind the old in a measure intended to remove the hindrances which the conflicting systems of coinage now interpose to international trade and intercourse. Mr. Ruggles, if we are not mistaken, estimates that the expense of assimilating our coinage to the French gold standard will only be about \$600,000, which is a mere trifle compared with the immense advantages to be gained from the change. The English report has not yet seen the light, and is said to slumber quietly in the desk of the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Downing Street. Lord Stanley appears to have forgotten the prominent part he once played in the introduction of the decimal system in England, and is reported to have told one of the leading supporters of monetary unity, who questioned him on the subject, that the imperial government was waiting for a more decided expression of public opinion. But it is difficult to see how public opinion can express itself intelligently as long as even the arguments which have carried conviction to the minds of a conference representing five hundred millions of people are withheld from publicity. It is no excuse to say that England is exceptionally situated, that she has to consult the views of Canada, Asia, and Australia, and can therefore not be expected to arrive as readily at a decision as other nations. All the experts on the other side of the Channel, such men as Hendricks, Leoni Levi, Charles Smith, etc., do not seem to consider the problem so difficult of solution. As far as the colonies are concerned in the matter, the friends of monetary unity maintain with much force that the mother country was guilty of a grave error in not having permitted Canada, Australia, and India to speak for themselves at Paris, a right to which they, in their character of self-governing communities, were certainly entitled. If Mr. Ruggles's assertion that the Emperor of China is about to have twenty-franc gold pieces coined at Peking is correct, those English statesmen who fear that the Asiatics will not accept the sovereign at the value of twenty-five francs may receive a lesson in progress from the despised Celestials.

It is, however, hardly to be supposed that England will remain an exception to an arrangement which is almost certain to become universal, and we have no doubt that her Majesty's government will be prepared with some practical scheme by next June, the period when France expects a decisive answer. The plan most likely to be adopted seems to us that proposed by Professor Leoni Levi, which is both easy and economical. The English penny being worth almost precisely the same amount as the French ten-centime piece, he suggests a gold coin representing one hundred pence, to be called a ducat, which shall be issued at the exact value of ten francs. It is a singular coincidence that the Swedish delegate to the Paris conference, M. Wallenberg, in his report to his government, also favors the restoration of the ducat, a coin which was at one time in very general use. Gustavus Adolphus the Great had it struck in his reign, and the Swedish ducat circulated during the two succeeding centuries in every quarter of the world. To-day the Napoleon d'or, the sovereign, and the eagle are the most current coins in international use.

#### THE AMENDED CIVIL SERVICE BILL.

THE amended bill for the regulation of the civil service of the United States was introduced in the House of Representatives by Mr. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, on the 23d of March last. It contains the additional provision that the new civil service department contemplated in the bill shall be placed under the official control of the Vice-President of the United States, or, in case of a vacancy in this office, under that of the president of the Senate *pro tem*. Unlike the bill introduced last year, the qualifications are not only to be ascertained by competitive examinations, but also by periods and conditions of probation. The bill in its amended form has much greater strength than its predecessor, and those who objected to the latter upon the ground that examination without probation was not in all cases satisfactory, will find that the new bill also includes the principle of probation. It is to be hoped that the labors of the gentlemen of the respective committees, our own attempts to push and encourage this reform by the publication of a long series of articles on the subject, as well as those of *The North American Review*, and of other publicists, will be speedily crowned with success by the adoption of the bill in question, as well as of that which, as we understand, will be soon introduced in respect to the foreign service by Mr. Patterson, of New Hampshire.

There are several hundred thousand persons employed in the public offices in this country, including revenue, customs, departmental, and post-office service. The number of employees, of course, increases with the growth and enlargement of the country, and it is really time for the representatives of the people to determine whether this formidable body of office-holders shall continue to remain, as they are more or less now, an army of irresponsible, untested, unqualified persons, the curse of American political life and the source of endless degradation and crime, or whether the home and foreign civil service of the nation shall be filled by competent and honorable individuals, whose services may reflect credit upon the country and upon themselves.

This reform has been very properly entrusted to a sub-committee of the Committee on Retrenchment, because nothing will more considerably reduce the expenditures of government than the adoption of a measure that dispenses with thousands of incompetent and worthless employees, and saves the money of the people while promoting the efficiency of the service through the appointment of well-qualified persons. Nothing is done unless this is done. Nor will the reform end with the adoption of Mr. Jenckes's and Mr. Patterson's bills. It will diffuse its moral influence all over the country, and give to the question of "qualification" a national importance in the eyes of the people such as it never had before, whether it presents itself for consideration in connection with legislative or judicial nominations and elections. The masses of the people are sufficiently intelligent to comprehend this and to profit by it.

There is no farmer, merchant, or banker in the country who will take persons in his employ without possessing some assurance of their fitness for the work for which their services were engaged, some evidence of their integrity and general qualifications. It requires only common sense to understand this necessity, and the masses of the people are not deficient in common sense, however they may be so in elaborate culture. The question then arises why they should do in a collective capacity as a nation what they shrink from doing as individuals in their private callings. At present they do so. They look on with folded arms while the civil service is in the most deplorable condition and infested with persons of whose qualifications nothing is known, whose very existence is in many cases revealed only through the discovery of the crimes and frauds which they perpetrate upon the people by whom they are paid, and thus through the disgrace which they inflict upon themselves and the community.

This question, we submit, requires no special learning to grasp it; every man and woman in the country can be made to understand it. Every instructed person already knows that under the much vaunted forms of liberty, the public service of this country is in a more irresponsible, more chaotic condition than it ever was



under the most despotic rule of the Cæsars. Everybody, excepting those interested in the perpetuation of the infamy and barbarism of the present system, will welcome with satisfaction the passing of Mr. Jenckes's bill as the dawning of a new era, which, if followed up by other reforms, may disenthral the country from present evils, and make the civil service of the United States, at home and abroad, as respectable and competent as it ought to be. Such a reform will also react upon the very fountain-head of education, and call the attention of professors and educationists to the necessity of providing for more exact and practical instruction in those financial, political, commercial, and general sciences a familiarity with which is so desirable. With the double influence or reformers in collegiate education and reformers in the civil service, the time cannot fail to come when young men will prepare themselves for the civil service as they now prepare themselves for the army and navy; and when, instead of becoming briefless lawyers, pulpitless ministers, unsuccessful merchants, or mere moneyed drones, a new profession will be opened to them which may relieve society from much of its present ballast, and thus promote not only the general welfare of the people, but the special interests of cultivated society.

#### THE ERIE WAR.

THE Erie war continues. The treasurer and certain directors are still exiles from the state, having the fear of the sheriff of New York and the Ludlow Street jail before their eyes. Meantime the cases drag their slow length through the courts, and the Drew party have introduced a bill in the Legislature to legalize all their acts. It would appear as if this attempt to obtain the sanction of a statute begged the whole question; for why make lawful that which is claimed to be already according to law? Large additions have been made to the list of counsel on either side, until the array has become the most formidable we have seen in any case. The attempt of the Drew party to cover up their illegal proceedings by raising the cry of monopoly has been partially successful, and it may enable them to obtain the passage of the law above alluded to. But it is very hard to understand why, if Mr. Vanderbilt does own the majority of the stock of the Erie Railway, he should not be allowed to manage it. If the gentlemen are desirous of keeping control, they ought to keep possession of the stock. There is a decided prejudice in this country in favor of the rights of the owners of property, and, however pleasant it would be to have the Erie Railway devoted to the free use of the public, the question of the rights of the owners of the property is not to be overlooked. The Constitution, we believe, has a clause to the effect that private property is not to be taken for public use without payment therefor. Now, what is Mr. Drew's party trying to do, if we take their own word for it? Why, they say they want to keep control of the Erie road for the use of the merchants of New York, so that they may ship their goods over it at very low rates indeed; so low, in fact, that the owners of the road shall get nothing. Now, what is this but taking the private property of the stockholders of the Erie Railway for the public use of the merchants of New York without paying for it? But even this theory is not based on fact. The end and aim of Mr. Drew and his friends is to depreciate and keep down the price of Erie stock, because they are under contract to return to the company 56,000 shares which they have borrowed and sold, and which they must bring back. To accomplish their ends they have almost produced a money panic, the disastrous results of which no one could fail to see. They have broken their trust, disobeyed the law, violated the injunctions of the court, and are at present fugitives from the state.

#### CHOOSING A MOTHER-IN-LAW.

MARRYING men, if haply that useful race be not altogether extinct, have lately been treated to a great deal of sound and profitable advice on the subject of choosing wives. A project of marriage, perhaps on account of its gravity, perhaps because of its uncertainty and risk, seems particularly to incline us to take counsel of one another, and certainly on none of the matters that most engage men's minds is advice oftener asked, more cheerfully and frankly

given, or seldomer followed. Professional marriage counsellors, indeed, would do well to remember the last peculiarity, and to emulate the caution of Lord Chesterfield's advice to Lord Petersham about marrying his housekeeper. Of course everybody has heard the story, and we need not repeat it, but the moral is immortal. People who are bent on doing an extremely foolish thing, which they know to be foolish and cling to all the more closely for knowing it, ask advice only to get encouragement, and make a feeble compromise with conscience by reluctantly setting up obvious objections, to be overturned by sympathizing friendship. Perhaps if we were disposed to be cynical we should say that the very best and safest general advice to men about to marry would be that which *Punch* has epitomized in the monosyllable "don't." But we are not cynical, and *Punch's* suggestion is one which every day tends more and more to make superfluous. On the contrary, to men about to marry we should say, Do, by all means. Somebody must, you know, and what nobler fate could any one desire than to sacrifice himself for the perpetuity of his race. Remember, we should say impressively—remember Curtius leaping into the gulf, remember Arnold Winkelried, remember Mr. Stanton asleep in the War Office, remember Mr. Train whistling *Yankee Doodle* in a British dungeon, remember Mr. Drew calmly going into exile for a principle, or the want of it, remember Mr. Wade ready, even anxious, to resign senatorial laurels for Presidential thorns, all for the nation's good; remember anybody, in fact, that your acquaintance with history will permit you, or that you think it would be appropriate to remember, and reflect that you are about to surpass them all. Even if it isn't true it does no harm to think so, and puts you in a cheerful frame of mind, besides, for the awful ceremony. But—we should continue—don't waste any time in the selection of the particular victim who is to be shackled to you in your desolate march from the pleasant places of bachelorhood into the hopeless Siberia of matrimony; bend all your energies rather to choosing the taskmaster who is to rivet your fetters or loosen them as fortune and your choice shall favor. In other words—to drop metaphor—never mind about choosing a wife; the main thing is to choose a proper mother-in-law.

For one wife is, after all, pretty much the same as another, and almost any woman furnishes sufficient material for a good one. If, profiting by the sage admonition of the worthy Don Juan in *El Conde Lucanor*—if

"A man at his marriage should teach his wife  
How he intends her to pass her life!"—

and if he have the right stuff in him for a teacher, he stands a fair chance of being able to fashion to himself as docile a helpmeet as the good Don Alvar Fañez rejoiced in. Almost any husband who is afflicted with a bad wife, or imagines he is, has only himself to blame for it, has only proved his own incapacity for the married state. A wife's demands are usually simple enough if not just, and these complied with, she is likely to be all that the most exacting spouse could ask—to be loved better than anybody else in the world, and to have her own sweet way in all things. If she can achieve the latter end without seeming to do it, so much the better; she is philosophical enough to be satisfied with the reality of power, whoever has the semblance. Besides, the majority of women are married at an age when their characters are still mobile and plastic, and can be shaped in the mould of a husband's will. At least so the husbands are fond of fancying, and if, misguided beings, they are oftener shaped than shaping, they are happy in never knowing it. But a mother-in-law—who ever dreamt of moulding a mother-in-law? that terrible, mysterious power behind the throne, the domestic Sphinx, the Gorgon of the household, the awful presence which every husband shudders when he names? So it is a matter of the greatest deftness and delicacy to choose aright where error is irreparable. One may at the last get divorced from an intolerable wife, but from a true mother-in-law there is no divorce, at least in this life. And how it may be hereafter, one who has been more than once blessed with the sweet offices of Hymen may be excused from declining to anticipate. Once in a generation there arises a man who slays the dragons and the ogres and the giants that everybody else is afraid of, and is not even dismayed by a mother-in-law. Bluebeard and Henry Eighth must have acquired from long and varied practice considerable skill in selection; but alas! they failed to put on record their peculiar system, and have left us no rules for our guidance. And in the absence of any authentic data, and unaided by experience, it is difficult to say precisely what plan should be followed in choosing a

mother-in-law. Of course there is one rule which will be found in all cases absolutely certain and satisfactory, and that is to marry an orphan; though even then a grandmother-in-law might turn up sufficiently vigorous to make a formidable substitute. This, however, is unlikely; a more serious objection is that the supply of orphans is unhappily limited, and those of us compelled to take up with wives who are still blessed with extant maternal affection can scarcely exercise too much caution.

We cannot pretend, in our limited space, to lay down anything like a system for the selection of mothers-in-law; one's plan of operation must, to a great extent, be dictated by circumstances. But there is one consideration which must form the basis of every successful calculation: never, on any account, make your choice on the hypothesis of post-matrimonial amity. One's mother-in-law is one's natural enemy; any other condition of affairs is unhealthy and dangerous. Besides, the article is so extremely deceptive; the very mildest-mannered mother-in-law that ever lured a prospective spouse before marriage might prove the veriest Tartar after it. Fear the Danaans even bringing gifts; in the midst of peace (how brief and how little prized till lost!) prepare for war, and choose a foe that will least molest you or that can be most easily conquered. A very sickly, consumptive mother-in-law has been found an admirable investment; so, too, one with a large family of marriageable or married daughters. Thus the enemy's attention is distracted and divided, and one vigorous assault will sometimes put her to total rout. Best of all, however, is a mother-in-law with married sons. For the daughter-in-law is her natural and most delicious prey; tormenting a man is vulgar sport, but torturing a woman till every nerve and fibre of her spiritual nature tingles with exquisite agony is truly delightful recreation. Beside, one is thrown so much oftener with daughter-in-law than with son-in-law, that the opportunities for pastime are as a hundred to one. Then, too, it is apt to be less dangerous; as a rule, the filial instinct strives longer with the marital in men than in women, and a man who loves almost equally his mother and his wife will falter and try to conciliate a long time before he dares to face the disagreeable alternative of choosing between them. For these and other equally obvious reasons, a mother-in-law who has three or four married sons may be considered the safest in the long run.

There are many other points which present themselves, as whether a mother-in-law should be fair or dark, fat or lean, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, and so on. The subject discussed metaphysically may be refined into all manner of abstruse subtleties. But it is impossible to frame general rules; even if we succeeded they would probably fail to fit any particular case, and we should expose ourselves to all sorts of opprobrium from victims who had vainly relied on our sagacity. Then, too, the subject has endless collateral ramifications in the way of relations, country cousins (*horresco referens*!) maiden aunts, and the like. A wife absolutely without friends or relatives would be an inestimable treasure; in default of that, the fewer she has the better. To be sure, one might, after marrying, fly with his bride to the uttermost parts of the earth, might take the wings of morning on the early express and the Barcan desert pierce, or go where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound save his own dashings and the occasional oath of a disgusted miner; but how long a happiness would his self-enforced exile bring him? Is there any desert too bleak for a country cousin to go into raptures over and insist on sharing with you? Is there any solitude so remote that a mother-in-law shall not ferret you out?

#### MYTHOLOGY AND ART.

I.

THOSE who have read Saintain's beautiful story of *Picciola* will remember how the hero of it, forced, by reason of his long confinement and isolation, to fix his attention upon the one plant that was within his reach, was gradually led from a belief in chance to a belief in law. He observed that certain parts of the plant which were useful at one period of its growth as a protection would, at a later period, be altogether useless, and he expected, herefore that they would, in the long run, prove, a hindrance and an encumbrance. He was wrong. To his surprise he found that when the strengthening plant no longer stood in need of these protections and wrappings, they gradually decayed and dropped off. He wrote "perhaps" under his old creed of universal chance, and afterwards recanted altogether.

The principle which the hero of *Picciola* was brought to recognize in his one plant, and which botanists recognize in every plant, is of much wider application than we are apt to suppose or willing to believe. In nature everything is a growth, from the lowest of organized plant life up to the highest and most developed animal life. For the protection of her offspring, moreover, at every stage of their growth Nature has a contrivance which she is ready to throw aside again as soon as it has answered its purpose. This every one is willing to admit, as far as plants and the lower animals are concerned, but we are, for some reason or another, very unwilling to acknowledge it in the case of mankind. We have, in the course of centuries, made so much progress and reached such a point of cultivation that we are disinclined to believe that the races which we now represent were once ignorant savages, fetish-worshippers, bowing down to stocks and stones. Still less are we inclined to admit that such a stage was necessary to the natural and healthy growth of our race. Our minds are so formed that we grasp the centuries and the ages in a very little space, and our progress appears much faster than it really has been. It is easy for us to say two thousand years or three thousand years, and then to compare ourselves with the red Indians that stalk across our great Western plains; but we form a very imperfect conception of what two thousand or three thousand years really means. Three thousand years ago and Troy, which has now become a fable—that ancient city which was the beloved of the dawn of time, but which has now grown weird and grey, like the spider form of the immortal, life-weary Tithonus—yet stood in all its glory, unmolested by Argive or Myrmidon. Who shall call up from their tombs these three thousand buried years? Who shall break their everlasting, voiceless sleep and compel them to yield up their secrets? The old years were miserly and invidious; they took their records and title-deeds with them to the tomb. The most that we know of them is that they were, and all the children of time bear a family likeness. Each had to carry the slowly-burning torch of progress and hand it to his successor, and then his work was done.

Everywhere is progress, everywhere growth. And, if the growth of a plant is interesting, how much more so must be the growth of a man, and how surprising must be the interest attaching to the growth and progress of spirit whereof all men partake! If it is true—and who that has vision can doubt it?—that all nature is but a means for the development and perfection of spirit, what can be more worthy of careful study than the history of spirit from its earliest and rudest manifestations through all its stages till it reaches the full fruition of reason? It is hardly credible, when we look at the towering, broad-branched oak of a thousand years, that all the potentialities of it were once contained in an acorn, such as those of which a pig might devour many hundreds daily. Perhaps the very acorn which produced that tree was planted in the mud by the tread of a pig's foot; is the oak at all the worse for that? Surely not; the acorn proved all the more plainly that it was an acorn. A potato, with the most careful planting and gardening, will never produce anything but potatoes, whereas the mud-buried acorn is capable of becoming an oak. So with the human spirit; its potentialities are all in it from the first hour of the eternity of its existence, shut up as in an acorn. Shall we despise it because these require time for development? It is no more humiliating to man that spirit in its earlier stages worshipped fetiches and idols, than to the oak that its germ was once under a pig's foot. Man has been brutish, but he has never been a brute; the distance between him and the brute is immeasurable. Which of the lower animals has ever worshipped even a fetich?

These remarks may be applied to show the value of the science of mythology as a part of the history of the human mind—that supreme aim and end of nature's strivings. It is easy and consolatory for the ignorant, flippant bigot to say that mythology is nothing more than a collection of fables and idolatrous tales, tending to lead men away from the truth into error. Let us not listen to him, but let us open our ears to those reverent voices of men who hold sacred whatever is human, who love spirit—that image of God—even in its lowest phases and developments. Men who understand the aims of Nature find small room for dislike and none for contempt. Her promises make all her actions great.

"If thou be one whose heart the forms  
Of young imagination have kept pure,  
Stranger, henceforth be warn'd and know that pride,  
Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,

Is littleness; that he who feels contempt  
For any living thing hath faculties  
Which he hath never used; that thought  
With him is in its infancy."

These are words of the poet of nature and the most reverent of modern men. What would he have said of him who should feel contempt for that living thing which cannot die? Surely, that thought with him was unborn.

Mythology is one of the necessary phases of human development. It occupies an intermediate place in the history of spirit, coming later than fetishism and nature-worship, and earlier than science and philosophy. It is the stage in which the mind passes from a consciousness of the objects of knowledge to a consciousness of its own activity in knowing. It arises naturally out of fetishism and nature-worship, just as science and philosophy arise out of it; for these are the stages in the history not of one people or of two peoples merely, but of all peoples and all races. As no human being was ever yet born with all his faculties completely developed and in full activity, so no race ever existed that did not go through all these stages of spiritual development. It is true that some peoples have lingered longer than others at some particular stage, and that some races seem to have come to a stop altogether at a certain point; but no nation ever naturally reached the higher stages without having first passed through the lower. In order to comprehend the meaning of mythology we must consider it in its origin both historically and psychologically. That it is a natural product of the human mind is certain; the uniformity of its appearance is sufficient to prove that. That it is a particular phase of the religious consciousness is also certain, and the first thing to be done, therefore, is to enquire what this religious consciousness really means.

When the human mind first attains consciousness it becomes aware of two things: First, that there are things outside of it, distinct and different from it; and, second, that there is a connection of some sort between it and these external objects. The former consciousness is the cause of that mental product which we call language, and which is nothing more than a system of acoustic symbols intended to express the distinction between the mind and the different objects which surround it, and hence, also, the distinction between these objects themselves. The latter consciousness—the feeling that, notwithstanding all distinction, there is still a dependence existing between each man and the objects that surround him—gives rise to the various forms of religion. The most savage of men knows that he is not the stone which he kicks, but he knows likewise that he is not altogether independent of it; if it is thrown, it will hurt him; if he fall upon it, it will bruise him. He is quite distinct from the rain, the hail, and the frost; yet these can render him uncomfortable. He is quite different from the fruits and roots which he eats; yet he is dependent upon these for support. It is this consciousness of dependence that is the religious feeling, and the first way in which it manifests itself is in the desire of man to propitiate those things on which he feels himself to be dependent. The earliest objects of worship, therefore, were plants and animals; and, as fear is perhaps the strongest of emotions in ignorant bosoms, the first deities were things to be feared rather than things to be loved or respected. Such plants and animals we call fetiches; they appear in the earliest and lowest forms of religion, although habit sometimes carries them forward, and makes them contemporaneous with higher deities. A plant or an animal is very concrete, much more so than a storm or cold or heat or light or any of the phenomena of meteorology, and therefore is more easily grasped as a distinct unity by the untutored mind. Hence, the worship of the powers of nature, as distinguished from the material objects of nature, indicates a progress in the human mind. From worshipping the plant, the animal, or the stone, the advancing savage by degrees comes to worship the sun that gives him light, that warms and scorches him; the moon that enables him to tread his weary path by night; the storm, the tempest, and the whirlwind; the cold, the heat, and the bringers of these. Lastly, as he advances, and his individuality, "his isolation, grows defined," he worships his own disturbing passions—love, hate, desire, lust, revenge, and the like. And this is the point at which mythology begins. Those peoples that have never risen from a worship of the powers of nature to the worship of their own passions can hardly be said to have a mythology at all; their deities are simple natural powers, acting blindly and unconsciously.

Every human being is double. Each contains a

self, an *ego*, something to which he refers when he says I; and, beside this, something which, though connected with, is yet external to, this I or self. In other words, he has a spirit which is himself, and a body which is not himself. Along with this body he has also passions and desires which, he knows clearly, war against him and against the emotions which come from within—from the spirit. The strongest desire of spirit, the most powerful tendency of self-hood, is freedom; and, though it is long before progressing mankind comes to a knowledge of this fact, they nevertheless unconsciously shape their actions in accordance with it. What is more opposed to freedom than the passions? What is more enslaving than the appetites? Good reason had early men, who worshipped what they feared, to worship these. But a passion or an appetite, though external to the self-hood of a person, can exist only in connection with a person—as part and parcel of concrete individuality. How, then, were these powerful, inevitable passions to be worshipped? Only by being personified—externalized completely in the form of persons. This is the true origin of mythology, and the ground of the distinction between it and nature-worship. The first deities in mythology are fancied embodiments of those passions and appetites which exist in man but are external to his self-hood, and whose influence he has reason to fear. How completely the ancients objectified these we may judge from such phrases as *φόβος ἔχει με, πόθος ἔχει*, etc. In Sophocles we find (Philoct. 601):

τίς ὁ πόθος αὐτοῦς ἴκετ', ἡ θεῶν βία  
καὶ νέμεσις, οἵπερ ἐγ' ἄμυνον οὐ κακῶ;

and there are many such lines scattered through the remains of Greek literature. We find, among the gods of early Greece, Love, Strife, Fury, Murder, etc. (*Ἔρως, Ἔρις, Ἐρινός, Φόνος*, κ. τ. λ.), but never Freedom, Purity, Beauty, etc. (*Ἐλευθερία, Ἀγνότης, Κάλος*, κ. τ. λ.), these latter not being external, in opposition, or to be dreaded. But, personification once begun, does not stop with the passions. The same tendency soon extends itself backwards over all the ground formerly occupied by the powers of nature-worship. These too become personified, and, moreover, are endowed with passions similar to those that formed the original ground of personification. The powers of nature now become gods, intelligent, conscious beings, swayed, however, by particular passions, and generally less free than men. *Æschylus* says (Pr. 50):

ἐλευθερός γὰρ οὐτός ἐστι πᾶν Διός.

They are, moreover, anthropomorphic; for man has never been able to conceive of a form more beautiful or divine than his own; although the remark of the ancient philosopher may be true, that lions, if they conceived gods, would conceive them in the shape of lions, and oxen in the shape of oxen. However this may be, the passions and appetites were the earliest personifications, though by no means the earliest objects of worship. Mind has made a considerable advance, emerged in no small degree from the material, before it comes to recognize the fact that the body and its passions are external to it; before it is able entirely to objectify them. Having done so, it is already partially free from their influence.

#### SIR KAY'S EXCUSE.

A CHAPTER FROM THE MORTE D'ARTHUR.

KING MARKE of Cornwall, on a quiet noon,

When May was passing into leafy June,

Sat by his chamber window at the chess;

And moved the men to cure his idleness;

While all the air around his balcony

Was full and overflowed with melody.

The very birds were fit to rend their throats

In quaint concordance of their rarest notes;

The strong young leaves which wove above his

head

Mellowed the glory which the sunlight shed;

The hounds lay sleeping in the court below;

Where the old warder strung a faithful bow;

The hawk upon his perch beside the wall

Ruffled his feathers at a distant call,

But smoothed them soon; the horses near at hand

Found their long respite hard to understand;

For never had a single trumpet's bray

Broken the stillness of that perfect day.

Yet, had King Marke the Cruel been aware

Of what was purposed by Ysolde the Fair,

He had not sat, with features grave and sage,

Playing at chess against his little page.

He would, in truth, have borne the story ill

Of how Sir Tristram had escaped his will;

And much I fear that luckless page had found

Himself as well as chessmen thrust around.

For kings, who have their way, as all must know,

Display their anger often by a blow.



Still, unsuspecting of a coming fate,  
King Marke played on with countenance sedate.

Within the turret, just above the trees,  
Sir Tristram and Sir Kay abode at ease.  
Dame Bragwaine and the fair Ysolde alone  
Preserved the secret of this room of stone,  
And that dull warden, who perchance could guess  
How knights had entered clad in yeoman's dress.  
So on this day they watched the king beneath  
Tapping upon his jewelled dagger sheath;  
Pushing a bishop to an adverse square,  
And taking back his move with crafty care;  
Or else with knitted brow and lip compressed  
Pondering whether this or that was best.  
They saw the page, intent upon the game,  
Yawn suddenly and dread an open shame;  
Concealing with the plume upon his cap  
As best he could this unforeseen mishap.  
And then Sir Tristram and the mild Sir Kay  
Choked with their laughter, even as they lay  
Half out of window, peering through the leaves,  
And so drew back more guiltily than thieves.  
Then, while in merry mood upon the floor  
They sat and talked, there entered at the door  
Ysolde the Queen, the fairest lady known  
Within a cottage or before a throne;  
Whose bright, sweet presence caused the room to  
shine  
As though it held some radiant gem divine.

Even for her sake had Kay and Tristram stayed  
A fortnight in this nook which she had made;  
The while King Marke, with evil in his soul,  
Scoured the whole land of which he had control;  
And longed to slay Sir Tristram how he would,  
But found no happy moment when he could.  
They rose upon their feet, and, as they did,  
Dropped from Kay's bosom letters which were hid—  
Disclosing to Sir Tristram's startled sight  
Ysolde's own writing on the crumpled white.  
With one quick grasp he snatched them both away  
And charged his baseness on the gentle Kay,  
While Fair Ysolde, whose pity wrought it all,  
Fell in a swoon against the nearest wall;  
For though she loved Sir Tristram first and best,  
She had been sad to see Sir Kay distressed,  
And, as a tender woman might, she sent  
No other words than those for friendship meant.

But Tristram, careless of all else beside,  
Called on Sir Kay to "guard him or he died;"  
And, rushing on him while his rage was hot,  
In one short second all his love forgot.  
And Kay, beholding death thus soon and near,  
Was strangely smitten so with grief and fear  
That through the opened sash he gave a spring,  
And vaulted down upon the heedless king.

The branches crashed, the table broke in twain,  
The chessmen scattered, nor were found again;  
The page ran howling down the turret stair  
Into the chapel and began a prayer;  
The hawk screamed loudly, shaking all his bells;  
The hounds bayed answer to the page's yells;  
The horses neighed and snorted as they stood;  
The warden cursed the noisy neighborhood;  
And Kay the mild, bewildered by his fall,  
Stared on each side, nor feared King Marke at all.

Then spoke the King, with his most awful frown,  
"Who are you, fellow, that come hurling down  
Out of that window, nearly on my head?"  
"My lord the king" (Sir Kay the Gentle said),  
"It tortured me that in that window-seat  
I was asleep, whereby the summer heat  
Caused me to slumber sounder than I use,  
And so I fell—and this is my excuse."  
Then shouted stern King Marke without debate,  
"Kick me this fellow through the castle gate!"

That night Sir Tristram, while men's sleep was  
young,  
Reached the great hall where weapons had been hung,  
Got him equipment, and by dawn of day  
Was far beyond those portals on his way.

SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### THE THEORIES OF "PROMETHEUS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: The confidence of your correspondent, "Gravitas," in the Newtonian astronomy has been somewhat shaken, he tells us, by one of the series of communications that has lately appeared in *The Round Table* from "The Author of *Prometheus in Atlantis*." For the reassuring of "Gravitas," and others who may be similarly perplexed, allow me briefly to show the untenableness of every one of the objections so confidently, not to say boastfully, advanced in the communications referred to.

The first objection of "Prometheus"—I use this abbreviation of the signature for shortness' sake—runs thus:

"In that part of the orbit which lies outside of the earth's orbit the moon's mean velocity is 4,600 miles per hour greater than when she is

within the earth's orbit; and if this were not so, she could not go around the earth in going around the sun. Suppose now the line of the moon's apses to be in syzygy, the apogee being at the point of opposition. In passing to her apogee in this case, she recedes from both the earth and the sun; and, at every point from her perigee to her apogee, the attractive power of both acts as [at?] an obtuse angle with a tangent to her orbit. Both attractive forces, therefore, must retard her velocity at every point between perigee and apogee. But it is a well-known fact that from quadrature to opposition her velocity is accelerated. What accelerates it?"

The acceleration here referred to, namely, the excess of the "mean velocity" of the moon in that part of her orbit outside of the earth's orbit over her mean velocity in that part of her orbit inside of the earth's orbit (the reference being, of course, to her heliocentric motion, for of her geocentric motion the statement is not true), has nothing whatever to do with the ellipticity of her orbit, but would be precisely the same if that orbit were a circle of equal length of periphery.

To make the whole matter plain, let me give an illustration: Suppose an elliptical railway with a transverse axis of one mile and eighty-eight feet, and a conjugate axis of one mile less eighty-eight feet. Suppose a "platform car" fifteen or sixteen feet square, made to run on the railway; and on the platform let there be an elliptical footpath, with a transverse axis of fourteen feet and a conjugate of twelve and two-fifths. Let one end of the elliptical railway be elevated say twenty or thirty feet, and one end of the footpath two or three feet, so as to accelerate motion in one direction and retard it in the other. Let there be an arrangement by which the transverse axis of the footpath and that of the track shall be brought into the same relative position at the end of every nineteenth circuit of the car round the track. Let "Prometheus" be stationed at the lower focus of the railway, and "Gravitas" at the lower focus of the footpath; and let the man-in-the-moon "come down" for the purpose, walk round the path twelve and one-third times while the car goes round the track once. We shall have a tolerably accurate representation of the relative distances of the sun, the earth, and the moon from each other, and of the revolutions of the two latter in their orbits. The middle of the track will represent the earth's orbit; that part of the path outside of the middle of the track will correspond to the part of the moon's orbit outside of the earth's orbit, and that part of the path inside of the middle of the track to the part of the moon's orbit inside of the earth's orbit. The outside portion will be a little larger than the inside portion, owing to the curvature of the track. Now, suppose the car to be moving along the track, and to have brought the two foci of the footpath in line with "Prometheus," the lower focus nearest to him and the man on the path to be at the lower apse, moving from conjunction to opposition: we shall have things in the situation supposed by "Prometheus," to wit, the line of the apses in syzygy, with the apogee at the point of opposition. The man on the path, and "Gravitas," will seem to "Prometheus" to be moving in opposite directions, relatively to each other, the latter from right to left and the former from left to right; and the man will appear to move more slowly on the track than "Gravitas," and at the point of quadrature to have fallen six feet behind him; from quadrature to opposition he will appear to be moving from right to left, and to be gaining on "Gravitas," and at the point of opposition to have come up with him again. Yet, if asked by "Prometheus," he would undoubtedly tell him that, so far from having walked faster in the second quarter than in the first, he had, as is wont to be the case with persons walking up hill, actually slackened his pace. Yet, as "Prometheus" says, "it is a well-known fact that from quadrature to opposition the velocity is accelerated. What accelerates it?" I think the cause of the acceleration very manifest. It is that the distance walked by him in the first quarter, or rather, the line of that distance, is subtracted from the distance run by "Gravitas," while in the second quarter it is added to it; thus making a difference of double the amount, or twelve feet, in that part of his epicycloidal, or rather, epitrochoidal, path round "Prometheus," accomplished in one circumambulation.

It is difficult to compress an explanation of the kind in question within a moderate compass without a figure to refer to. In what remains I will endeavor to be more brief.

The next objection of "Prometheus" is thus stated:

"When the moon is in conjunction the earth has a velocity sufficient to keep her from falling to the moon and sun. Two weeks later the moon is in opposition, and the attractive force in the direction of the sun is diminished. The earth then recedes from the sun and approaches the moon, does she not? . . . Then the moon's gravity to the earth is increased at the opposition, is it not? Yet, in order to account for the *evection*, the advocates of Newton's hypothesis say, and are compelled to say, that the moon's gravity to the earth is diminished at the opposition. Wherefore the hypothesis is self-contradictory."

The sun, at conjunction, attracts the moon more powerfully than he does the earth in the ratio of  $400^2$  to  $399^2$ , and, at opposition, the earth more powerfully than the moon in the ratio of  $401^2$  to  $400^2$ . The effect of this difference of attraction upon them is, in both cases, to draw them further apart. The separating force at opposition is to the separating force at conjunction (omitting the unit in the square of the odd numbers as inappreciable) as  $39,999$  to  $40,000$ . That is to say, they differ by  $\frac{1}{40000}$ . To that extent "Prometheus" is right in his statement of his own side of the question. But is he right in his statement of the other side? If my memory serves me—for it is five-and-thirty years since I read it, and I have not the book at hand to refer to—the explanation given in *The Cambridge Physics* made the gravity of the moon to the earth at opposition

less not than at conjunction, but than at quadrature, a which latter position the attraction of the sun draws them toward each other. But perhaps I am confounding the *evection* with the variation. Be that as it may, I have no doubt that the true explanation is perfectly consistent with the Newtonian theory of gravitation.

The next objection of "Prometheus" has reference to the tides. The excess of the *inequality* of the moon's action over that of the sun's cannot, he thinks, account for the lunar tide at opposition, because "the sun's attraction for every drop of water on the side of the earth nearest the moon exceeds the moon's attraction for the same drop," and therefore "every drop is pulled down by a stronger force than that which pulls it up."

This would be so if the attraction of the sun were exerted at a dead lift; but then in that case neither could the sun raise a tide; for the attraction of the earth for every drop of water at the earth's surface is  $\frac{32.1666}{331036}$ , or 1,622 times that of the sun for the same drop. But the attraction is not exerted at a dead lift. High tide is always at least two hours or  $30^\circ$  behind the passage of the meridian by the sun or moon; and as the tide raised by the latter in mid-ocean is never more than three feet, it follows that "every drop of water" is drawn up a virtual inclined plane of three feet high and ten million feet long; and as the ten million feet subtends four hundred times as large an angle at the moon as at the sun, it is manifest that the sun acts at a very decided disadvantage as compared with the moon in pulling each drop up the inclined plane. This, taken in connection with the excess of the *inequality* of the moon's action over that of the sun, is amply sufficient to account for the difference of magnitude of the lunar and the solar tides. This explanation agrees substantially with that in the editorial article in *The Round Table* immediately following the communication of "Gravitas."

The next objection of "Prometheus" is that, "if gravity is a *vera causa*, as the Newtonians insist, we need another force, acting from the centre outward, to keep the planets from falling to the sun;" because, says "Prometheus," "when a projectile is discharged horizontally near the earth's surface, the force of gravity influences it in every respect precisely as if no projectile force had acted. In any given number of seconds the projectile goes just as far toward the earth's centre as if gravity had acted alone." Your modest "interrogation point" interposed here, instead of raising a doubt in the mind of "Prometheus" as to the accuracy of his statement, only made him the more confident in it. "It is true," he says, "notwithstanding. The case presents a genuine *experimentum crucis*. If what I affirm be true, Newton's theory cannot but be false, and must be given up." Undoubtedly it must; but then with it must be given up also that geometrical proposition which makes the secant of an arc longer than the radius; in other words, the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle longer than the base! Prometheus affirms that, if a gun be fired horizontally "from the port-hole of a ship, or from the embrasure of a fort on the beach, the projectile will strike the surface of the sea at precisely the same instant as if it had fallen straight toward the earth's centre;" and he says that, so far as he is informed, this is "neither denied nor questioned by any follower of Newton." We shall see. To apply "Prometheus's" own test: Let the gun be fired "from the top of a tall building which has a flat roof," and as the precise degree of tallness is not specified by him, let it be sixteen feet and one inch "tall," minus the height of the centre of the gun above the roof, and as the "projectile" may be discharged "with any velocity you choose," let it be discharged with a velocity of four miles and ten-elevenths in a second; where will the projectile be at the end of the second? On the surface of the sea, says "Prometheus." Sixteen feet and one inch above it, say I. Sixteen feet and one inch nearer the centre of the earth than it would have been if gravity had not acted, say both of us. If "Prometheus" will make the calculation, he will find, putting the earth's mean radius at 3,956 miles, that the secant of an arc of a great circle of the earth, the tangent of which is four miles and ten-elevenths, is exactly sixteen feet and one inch longer than the radius. For the same reason that the projectile, which was sixteen feet and one inch from the earth at starting, is sixteen feet and one inch from it at the end of the first second, it will, if there be no resisting medium to disturb it, be sixteen feet and one inch from it at the end of the next second, and so on; and the projectile will revolve round the earth in a circle, at sixteen feet and one inch from it, for ever. Give the projectile a velocity of five miles a second, and it will be two or three inches farther from the earth at the end of the first second, over twice that distance farther off at the end of the next second, and so on; and the projectile will revolve round the earth in an ellipse, as the planets revolve round the sun. "Consequently, a primitive projection of the planets in right lines would counterbalance the sun's attraction, and Newton's theory 'does not' fail for the want of a competent centrifugal force."

In his next objection "Prometheus" charges Newton with maintaining that "when gravity acts at an acute angle to the tangent it increases the planet's centrifugal force;" and, after wasting a good deal of breath in maintaining the opposite, adds, "If my reasoning is questioned, I pledge myself to demonstrate at any time the proposition that gravity can never increase a planet's centrifugal force." Now, I do not question the reasoning of "Prometheus," but I do question his statement of one of the premises. If he will substitute "tangential" for "centrifugal" he will represent Newton's



proposition correctly. To show the bearing of this on the point at issue, suppose the moon in her apogee and moving, therefore, toward her perigee. In this half of her orbit gravity acts at an acute angle to the tangent, and her tangential force, therefore, is increased by it. Now suppose, the moon being at any point in this half of her orbit, gravity to cease acting. She will move on with the increased tangential force already gained by the action of gravity, and in a straight-line tangent to her orbit at the point where she was when gravity ceased to act. As she moves along this line she will be drawing toward the earth till she reaches the point where the line joining her with the earth makes a right angle with the tangent; that point passed, she will be receding from the earth, and the tangential force will have changed from centripetal to centrifugal, still retaining the increase previously gained by the action of gravity. In this sense, and in this sense only, can gravity be said to increase the centrifugal force.

The next objection of "Prometheus" shall be given in his own words:

"Newton alleges that the inertia of a revolving body tends to throw it from its orbit at a tangent. This I deny, and affirm that the inertia of a revolving body would cause it to move for ever in a curve; for, when a body is revolving, its particles have different velocities, and as each particle, if not disturbed, will preserve its own particular velocity for ever, the body will move for ever in a curve."

So the Irishman's gun, made to "shoot round a tree," was not an Irish gun, after all, but a good, honest Anglo-Saxon gun. The next thing I shall expect to hear of "Prometheus" is that, having tried in vain for a long time to see through a millstone without a hole in it, he has at last taken to trying to see round it. Seriously, has "Prometheus" yet to learn the very alphabet of the Newtonian theory of gravity? If so, let me commend him to so common a treatise as Herschel's *Outlines of Astronomy*, in which (Ed. Blanchard & Lea, pp. 236, 237) he will find laid down the following: "This problem is one purely dynamical, and, in its general form, is of extreme difficulty. Fortunately, however, for human knowledge, when the attracting and attracted bodies are spheres, it admits of an easy and direct solution. Newton himself has shown (*Princip. b. i. prop. 75*) that, in that case, the attraction is precisely the same as if the whole matter of each sphere were collected into its centre, and the spheres were single particles there placed." If he needs still more enlightening, let me refer him to a high-school treatise, *The Cambridge Course of Elementary Physics—Part Third: Astronomy* (Boston: Crosby & Ainsworth). On page 211 he will find the following: "A simple pendulum consists of a material point, suspended to a fixed point by means of a thread without weight, perfectly flexible, and incapable of stretching;" and on pages 213, 214 the following: "The compound pendulum may be regarded as consisting of as many simple pendulums as it contains particles. If these were free to move, they would oscillate in times depending upon their distances from the point of suspension; but since they are united in one body, they are all compelled to oscillate in the same time. Consequently, the oscillations of the particles near the point of suspension are retarded by the slower oscillations of the particles below them; and, on the other hand, the oscillations of the particles near the lower end of the pendulum are accelerated by the more rapid oscillations of those above them. At some point between these there must be a particle whose oscillation is neither retarded nor accelerated—all the particles above having just the same tendency to oscillate faster than those below them have to oscillate slower. This point is called the *centre of oscillation*, and it is obvious that the time of oscillation of a compound pendulum is the same as that of a simple pendulum whose length is equal to the distance of the centre of oscillation from the point of suspension." The foregoing propositions, which are recognized by all Newtonians, will effectually dispose of the objection under consideration. The orbit of a solid, homogeneous revolving sphere is the curve along which the central particle moves, and the motion of every other particle is necessarily subordinated to the motion of that central particle. If the particles were all free to move independently of each other, each particle would have an independent orbit of its own, and, on the ceasing of gravity to act, would go off in a tangent to that independent orbit. That there is a *nisus* toward this is proved by the flying of water from the periphery of a rapidly revolving wheel, and the occasional bursting of a grindstone when made to rotate with great velocity. But, not being free to move independently of each other, they must necessarily move together, and all must take the direction of the central particle, unless the demonstration of Newton, above referred to, can be demolished, which I think even "Prometheus" will have the discretion not to assert. As to the suggestion of "Gravitas" that "the axis-revolution would seem a quite sufficient disturbance to account for the tendency to fly off at a tangent," there is this difficulty (not to mention others), that, in the case of the moon, the axis-revolution is synchronous with the orbit-revolution, and can, therefore, have no influence on the tangential tendency; while, in the case of the earth, the "disturbance" is in the wrong direction.

The next objection of "Prometheus" is thus worded:

"Newton alleges that a planet's velocity in its orbit constitutes or generates its centrifugal force. I affirm that not only is this not so, but that the allegation, when closely analyzed, involves Newton's entire theory in self-destruction. Let us see. A planet can recede from the sun only in consequence of its centrifugal forces becoming stronger than gravity. A planet can approach the sun only in consequence of gravity's being stronger than the centrifugal force. So long as the planet is receding from the sun the centrifugal force is stronger than gravity, and so long as

the planet is approaching the sun gravity is stronger than the centrifugal force. Consequently, at every point in the orbit between perihelion and aphelion the centrifugal force is stronger than gravity, and at every point between aphelion and perihelion gravity is stronger than the centrifugal force. To deny this is to say that a given effect—to wit, the variation of the planet's distance—has occurred without a cause."

From these premises "Prometheus," reasoning correctly, arrives at the conclusion that "gravity at one point is greater than gravity at another point equally distant from the sun—which is contrary to Newton's theory, and shows it to be self-destructive." But his premises are false. I deny *in toto* that gravity is either stronger or weaker than the "centrifugal"—it should be "tangential"—force in any part of the orbit in which the planet may be; and the proof that I am right in the denial is that the planet is there, which it can be only as the result of the exact balancing of antagonistic forces. What, then, "Prometheus" will ask, causes the variation of the planet's distance? The same that causes it at perihelion and aphelion, where he admits—where he is compelled to admit—that the two forces are equal. If "Prometheus's" allegation were true, the very first time a planet reached its perihelion or aphelion—which ever first occurred—it would thenceforth revolve round the sun in a circle for ever.

I come now to the last objection of "Prometheus," namely, "that, having by Newton's hypothesis but a single independent variable gravity, we cannot find functions of it corresponding with the precise variations of velocity and centrifugal force which the facts require." "I should like," he says, "to show this; but *The Round Table* might not care to publish so abstruse a discussion. However, I shall mention a single point. As a planet approaches the sun, gravity increases as the square of the distance of approach. But because the radius vector describes equal areas in equal times, the planet's velocity increases only as the distance of approach." He means, "Gravity increases as the square of the distance diminishes," and "the planet's velocity increases as the distance diminishes." But if "as," in the last sentence, is used in the sense of "in proportion as," the assertion is not true, for the variation of velocity is most rapid at the vertex of the conjugate axis; and if it is not used in that sense, the assertion is not to the purpose. He adds: "Now, Newton says that the centrifugal force varies only as the square of the velocity divided by the radius of the osculating circle—which is, of course, a smaller quantity than the square of the velocity." Why "of course"? Is the quotient always less than the dividend? and if not, whence the "consequently" in his next sentence? In the instance in question, it is not "a smaller quantity;" for the osculating circle described on the conjugate axis being the unit—else the variation of velocity would not be most rapid at the vertex of that axis—the divisor must be, in every instance, either unity or a proper fraction, and therefore the quotient cannot be "smaller" than the dividend.

I have thus shown the untenableness of at least seven out of the eight objections of "Prometheus." If I have not shown the untenableness of the remaining one, it is because I am rusty on the *evection*, and Herschel—the only authority I have access to at this present time—gives me no aid, expressly stating that the subject is too abstruse for his treatise. I think, therefore, I am entitled to say that if what "now passes for astronomy" is "miserable patch-work," it is at least not, like that of "Prometheus," "made out of whole cloth."

Soon after the publication of *Prometheus in Atlantis* a copy of it was handed me by the editor of a leading review with the request that I would write an article upon it, if I thought the book worth it, which I consented to do. I soon found, however, I was getting beyond my depth—whether in clear water or in mud I could not say. Following, therefore, the advice of Coleridge—"Until you are sure you understand an author's ignorance, consider yourself ignorant of his understanding"—I was compelled to decline writing the article. This was sufficiently mortifying. I felt very much as Douglas Jerrold did on reading Brown's *Sordello*. From this unpleasant situation "Prometheus" has happily relieved me by putting his spiritual and his physical system in the same category; and now I can exclaim, with Jerrold, "Thank heaven, then, I am not an idiot!"

"Prometheus" appeals to the next generation: "Give to me, my countrymen, a fairer hearing in regard to scientific truth than you saw fit to accord to me in regard to spiritual truth, and, to the extent of my extremely limited facilities, I will show you proofs for which your children, if not yourselves, will thank me."

I think him over-sanguine in his anticipations. His system is a remarkable one. I do not think the scientific mind can be educated to it in so short a time. I would suggest to him, therefore, to turn from the present and the immediate future and look for an appreciative following to "the Great Macbethian, Millennial, All-Hail Hereafter!"

Respectfully, EDWARD J. STEARNS.

CAMBRIDGE, Md., March 17, 1868.

#### STREET CRIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Your remarks in a recent number on the nuisance of street cries and their European *cachet*, strike a resident of this town with peculiar force. It is more European in its appearance and ways than most American cities, and its cries are particularly discordant and oppressive. They flourish in the pleasantest and most fashionable quarters

(if the word *fashionable* can now be properly applied to any thing here); they commence at a very early hour, and their unintelligibility is not their least aggravating feature. You might perhaps guess that *ye high stairs* signifies *oysters*; but by what logical, analogical, philological, or any-other-ogical process could you ascertain that *shick chillaway* means *sweet potatoes*? There are, moreover, certain introductory flourishes in vogue, not even meant to be articulate, but merely serving to test the crier's lungs and prepare you for what is to come. One Cuffee who passes my window at 6 A.M. lets loose with startling suddenness on the still morning a strange and awful compound of gasp, grunt, and roar, reminding me of what I used to read when a little boy about the hyena. "The cry of this animal," said the zoological text-book of my tender years, "is very peculiar. It partly resembles a violent effort to vomit."

Even when he wishes to be understood in conversation the negro does not always succeed in making himself intelligible to those not familiar with his peculiar phraseology and pronunciation. This makes the study of his dialect more difficult, though some of its most salient features (e. g. the use of *done* for *have* as the sign of the perfect tense) are obvious at once. How far white speech at the South is infected with negroism is a curious question. Many persons would deny the existence of any such adulteration; but the candid and careful observer cannot help noticing, despite the "most sweet voices" and softer tones due to a milder climate, that the master has borrowed something in the way of speech from his former slave. One dialectic peculiarity especially struck me last winter because I had never seen or heard it noticed. All South Carolinians, no matter of what education or class in society, unless they have resided much and lately in Europe or at the North, pronounce the initial *W* like *V*, or so nearly like *V* that it is impossible to mark the difference. (I suppose it must be like the German *W*, in which some Germans profess to detect a variation of sound from the English *V*.) To be sure there is just a bare possibility that both masters and slaves inherited this pronunciation from the Huguenot settlers. I am not aware if it is common, or how far it is common, in other parts of the South, and shall be much obliged to any student of language who will inform me. One little fact I have observed which may have some connection with it. The persons who first undertook to imitate the "darky" dialect in our newspapers, years ago, always omitted the *h* of the initial *Wh*, exactly as the best educated Englishmen do in conversation. Can it be that these writers, having noticed something peculiar in the negro pronunciation of the initial *W* and not comprehending or taking the trouble to comprehend exactly what it was, fancied it to be the omission of the *H* sound when the two letters came together? It seems to me quite possible, considering the queer mistakes and queer combinations of letters which arise from attempts to express unfamiliar by familiar sounds. Let me give a few illustrations at random. Erckmann-Chatrian (though both languages must be native to them) denote the German *sager* in French orthography by *ségare* instead of *ségre* or *sègre*. French dictionaries and grammars give the barbarous combinations *teh* and *dj* for the English sounds of *ch* and *j*, when they have their own *ti* and *di* ready at hand. (Compare *tiers* or *Thiers* with *chair*, and *Dieppe* with the first syllable of *jeopardy*.) An ordinary Frenchman, unacquainted with English, taking down the word *keg* from dictation, would be likely to write it *quégue*. Under like circumstances, a German would denote our *mate* by *meth*. But as this philological digression may prove a bore, let me break it off and give you, as a concluding *bonne-bouche*, the last and not the least amusing typographical error. There are Irish in Charleston, and of course on St. Patrick's Day a good deal of Irish eloquence was let off. One speaker perorated his discourse by a reference to the time when his audience should be "gathered to the bosom of the Eternal pity." A printer left out the last letter of the last word, and next morning's paper predestined the Charleston Hibernians to the bosom of the eternal pit.

CARL BENSON.

P.S.—A *propos* of nothing particularly, can any one tell me what has become of those translations of Bürger's *Lenore* which Mr. Lukens, of Philadelphia, was to bring out? They are due about a year.

CHARLESTON, S. C., March 24, 1868.

[The following note was received in time for publication in *The Round Table* of February 22, but its publication was delayed by one of the accidents incidental to a printing-office.—ED. R. T.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: I will reply very briefly to the letters of Mr. Cragin and "J. W. W." in your paper of last week, February 15.

Mr. Cragin still labors under the hallucination that his mere dictum suffices to decide a disputed point in philology. He said that Americans in general, and I in particular, misuse *would* for *should*; but, although repeatedly called on for some authority or argument to sustain his assertion, he still persistently refuses to produce either. I am, therefore, warranted in remarking that he is *unable* to produce either; while, however, he lacks the manhood to acknowledge himself in the wrong. His advising me "to procure an English grammar and study it" probably raised a smile among your readers—but not at my expense!

As to "J. W. W." and the pronoun, or adjective, *that*. He asked me a civil question, and I made a civil reply; but



he, catching inspiration from the example of Mr. Moon and Mr. Cragin, responded in a hostile and an aggressive spirit. I can, therefore, answer him in no phrase more appropriate than the words of one of Otway's heroes:

"Nay, if you're angry, Polydore, good night."

EDWARD S. GOULD.

## REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

### SPIRITUAL WIVES.\*

IT is not an agreeable task to join in the hue and cry when society, having become persuaded that something has been done which demands the exhibition of its resentment, pursues with hisses and execrations an unhappy offender. As a matter of choice we much prefer, in any such case, to seek excuses for taking up the weaker side. We have no such reverence for the opinions of the majority as to accept them unquestioned; and so far are we from believing that "what everybody says must be true," as to be greatly inclined to see in the unanimity with which a proposition is endorsed evidence of its falsity. The fact, therefore, that *The Times*, *The Pall Mall Gazette*, *The Spectator*, *The Imperial Review*, and *The Saturday Review* have united in condemning Mr. Dixon's new book with singular accord and severity did not necessarily prejudice us against it. The circumstance that these particular journals should be found in agreement upon any subject was a novel one, and that they should be found in agreement respecting the merits of a literary work was undoubtedly weighty proof of the accuracy of their common view. Yet there appeared to be some reasons in this case to put against the scholarship, the trained perceptions and critical powers of analysis of the several reviewers, and which might subtract in a measure from the trustworthiness of their conclusions. In the first place any possible treatment of the subject of *Spiritual Wives* that did not prominently include decided reprobation and abhorrence must needs be supremely displeasing to the conventional English mind. No skill in coloring, no adroitness in the management of detail, could atone for the absence of such condemnation or for the presence of implicit toleration. Most educated Englishmen would say, and say with justice, that if an elaborate treatise on such a subject were justifiable at all, it could only be on condition that it should be handled in a scientific and not in a popular manner. In the second place, Mr. Dixon, notwithstanding his commanding position as editor of one of the best known and most respected of the purely literary reviews of London, is, as an author—with the press, if not with the public—a very unpopular man. He has unluckily gained a species of reputation which in England is most prejudicial, *i. e.*, a reputation for superficiality and untrustworthiness. Thus, one of his critics declares that he wrote a life of Blake knowing nothing of the sea or the navy; that he wrote a treatise on Bacon without being able to construe the *De Augmentis*; that he discoursed on the Holy Land and the great questions of its history in placid ignorance of the Greek Testament; that he attacked Lord Macaulay in the cause of Penn, and when treated with a contempt that would have pierced the thickest hide, revenged himself by raking up some gossip about the historian's maternal ancestry, and publishing it in the literary organ of Sir Wentworth Dilke, Bart. Of course any given work should be judged by its intrinsic merits, regardless of those of its predecessors; it is however true that the general characteristics of former books are always looked for in fresh ones, and that the expectation is usually verified.

For ourselves, while setting a high value on the uses of conventionality, and the importance of thorough and precise knowledge in such departments as a man undertakes to write about, we saw no occasion to assume that previous defects or failures necessarily disqualified Mr. Dixon from writing a valuable, an instructive, and an interesting book on *Spiritual Wives*. There is a great deal to be taught, a great number of profitable lessons to be deduced, from the strange developments of mingled passion and fanaticism that have presented themselves in an age which prides itself upon its advanced civilization, upon its superiority to the weaknesses and degradations of the past. It might be a delicate, but surely would not be an impossible, task so to discuss the social system of the Mormons, the history of the Ebelians, the Agapee, and other cognate topics as to edify rather than to inflame, to teach what to avoid as contrary to

Christianity and to physical and moral health, rather than what to seek as conducive to debilitating pleasure or fanatical eroticism. It is the great misfortune of Mr. Dixon, and one which forces us to acknowledge the substantial justice of the sharp criticism that has been applied to him, that instead of taking a wholesome and manly view of his ticklish subject, he has surveyed it throughout in a morbid and pseudo-imaginative fashion which is disgusting to any healthy taste, and which compels us to admit that he has been actuated either by sadly mistaken or very unworthy motives. There is a liquorishness of sensuality about many of his descriptions which is totally out of place in the work of a gentleman of the author's position, and which forces the reader to perceive that Mr. Dixon has really been willing to stoop so low as to attempt a sensation through means that only the lowest of literary pretenders would not be heartily ashamed of. Offences against good taste and social decorum in literature are obviously always relative. That which would have been tolerable enough in novel or comedy, or even in the politest society, of a hundred years ago, would not twenty years ago have been endured. Yet the tendency toward certain forms of license in the stage and in the literature of our own immediate time is undeniable; and when a man, going with the general drift of the day, is misled into going too far, it may be said that his blunder is not altogether inexcusable. For the mere literary tyro the plea would certainly be worthy of consideration. But Mr. Dixon is a writer of great experience and, whatever the measure of his culture, of remarkably versatile and attractive powers. Very few authors before the public could have made, with the given material, so taking a book as *New America*. It exhibits to advantage Mr. Dixon's strongest characteristic, that of adapting means to ends, the faculty of working of his material into the most graphic and alluring shape. Mr. Dixon is a singularly well-trained literary workman. He is also a man of family, of mature age, of wide experience of the world. Hence we cannot regard his performance with the indulgence that might fairly be bestowed upon the work of an unskilful or inexperienced hand. To use an exceptionally influential literary position and unusual literary attainments to foist upon extended public attention a book whose prurency is offensively manifest in every chapter, is an offence whose gravity is magnified by the circumstances which gain it circulation and ensure it extended notice. The disposition to pander to morbid and perverted appetites may naturally enough extend to literature when in the ballet, in female dress, and in the various arts of design the public taste is so emphatically declared as to furnish strong temptation to profit by gratifying it; but men of Mr. Dixon's order are not the men to lend themselves to so pitiful a practice. *Noblesse oblige*; and what the writers of adulterous or bigamous novels, the scrawlers of filthy "reprobations" of the ballet in magazines, or the reporters of trash for sensation newspapers may be forgiven or contemptuously passed over for doing, the editor of *The Athenaeum* is properly held to a strict account for. We do not think then—although we regret some personalities included among them, especially those that *The Imperial Review* thought fit to print—that the English criticisms of *Spiritual Wives*, severe as they have been, are either unjust or uncalled for.

By a fatality often observable in similar cases, Mr. Dixon has failed in his book precisely where he lowered himself to succeed. *Spiritual Wives* is a failure and a bad failure in point of interest. It has sold enormously, and probably will continue so to sell, as its great notoriety, apart from its intrinsic merits, will doubtless sustain the demand. But the languid, dreamy, voluptuous attractiveness with which the author imagined he was pervading his pages is, in the merely artistic point of view, a delusion and a snare. A very large portion is very dull padding indeed, and the effect of the mystic, Teutonic, and spiritual tone so freely essayed is generally excessively stupefying. To a writer determined to collect in one heap all these abnormal and, to most people, offensive histories there were open two modes of procedure: One, to make a bold, scientific treatise, enriched with tabular statistics, and intended to serve a useful purpose for the physiologist and publicist; the other to make a book interesting and piquant at all hazards, having a constant eye to the curiosity that always attaches with the semi-educated and unthinking as regards all matters of sexual relation, in short, a book that would have been "devoured." The first plan would have been, if such a work were needed, a praiseworthy one; the second, of course, would have been very reprehensible. But Mr. Dixon has hit upon neither the one nor the other. His book is gross without being

interesting, and is packed with unsavory details without being in the least degree useful for reference. With every desire to speak kindly of an author whose writings we have often read with pleasure, and of a gentleman for whose position we have much respect, we cannot but sincerely regret that this unwholesome book was ever written; and the best hope we can express in Mr. Dixon's behalf, as well as that of the public, is that it may soon be forgotten.

### BROWNLOWS.\*

TO say that *Brownlows* is by Mrs. Oliphant is perhaps, the utmost that can be said in its favor. It conveys the assurance that it is ladylike and healthful, and in general resembles as little as possible the staple productions by modern lady novelists with which the *paterfamilias* in *Punch* would have nothing to do, on the ground that he wanted something fit for his daughters to read. But *Brownlows* contains no indications of the power evinced in the recent books of its author—in *The Chronicles of Carlingford*, *Miss Marjoribanks*, or *Madonna Mary*. It is a story which its readers will have utterly forgotten nine days after they have laid it down, and one which conveys the impression—the strongest impression perhaps that it does convey—that its author found it impossible to take or to simulate any strong interest in it herself.

The story is as follows: There is a lawyer, Mr. Brownlow—"Brownlows" is the name of his country-seat—and he has a son and a daughter, which three we will designate respectively, for brevity, as *A*, *a'*, and *a''*; also a poor widow with a son (*B*, *b'*); also a poor widow with a daughter (*C*, *c'*),—*a'* and *c'*, *a''* and *b'* being about of an age and in that respect matrimonially eligible. Mr. Brownlow's (*A*'s) wealth has been derived from the will of an old woman who, dying, left her hoard to him in trust for her daughter, who had eloped years before to marry a common soldier, *provided*, however, that the daughter should present herself within twenty-five years, the £50,000 otherwise becoming absolutely his own. Having at first made every possible effort to trace the missing woman, he had come to regard the money as his and indispensable to the happiness of his daughter, whom he idolizes, long before the opening of the story, which begins with the twenty-fifth year, the year whose close will make all his own. With it, however, come two new households to the little town, the widows *B* and *C*; and Mr. Brownlow, in his nervousness, and by dint of one of those cross-purposes always at the command of novelists, becomes persuaded that *B* is the rightful owner of his fortune. Naturally a man of honorable and generous instincts, he is drawn in different directions by the demands of honesty and of paternal fondness, and finally compromises with his conscience by determining upon a policy of inaction—on the one side, to do nothing that can convey to the heir, *B*, a suspicion of her claims or of the nature of the will; but on the other to make ample amends by patronizing *b'* and giving to him his daughter, *a''*, in marriage—a union to which he can bring himself only by a struggle, yet which seems preferable to depriving her of luxury and social position. Meanwhile *a'* has been falling in love with *c'*, to the great scandal and disquietment of everybody, notably of *a''* and *A*, to the latter of whom the double *mésalliance* seems intolerable. The year has worn away to its last night, and the father has quietly given *b'* his *congé*, when the unsuspected *C* bursts in upon the family conclave, almost maddened by the revulsion in her circumstances and the narrowness of her escape from final loss, bitterly denouncing what she considers the fraud practised upon her and the mercenary motives of her accepted son-in-law (*a'*, who in fact knew nothing of it), and, in a word, wrought to such a pitch of frenzy that her exhausted strength gives way, and after lingering for a few days she dies—the secret being known only to *A*, *a'*, *a''*, *c'*, and an old woman, malevolent but impotent. Thereupon, as the reader has very clearly seen by the time he is halfway through the book, *a'* marries *c'*, *a''* after all presumably is married to *b'*, who turns out to be of gentle blood, and after a stormy voyage all are left in a peaceful harbor.

Mrs. Oliphant had the ingredients of a good story, and began as if she were really going to give us one. But soon it became excessively languid and diffuse, and in its final shape, though constituting what in England is doubtless a three-volume novel, there is nothing in it that need have prevented its condensation into a single magazine contribution, for with no subplot and remarkably little by-play the foregoing ab-

\* *Spiritual Wives*. By William Hepworth Dixon, author of *New America*, *The Holy Land*, etc. London: Hurst & Blackett; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.

\* *Brownlows: A Novel*. By Mrs. Oliphant. New York: Harper Bros. 1868.



tract includes it all. It is in fact as tedious as was its appearance in *Blackwood*. Mrs. Oliphant, indeed, never relies upon awakening any absorbing suspense in her readers, nor, so long as she gave us such studies of every-day character—quite in the manner of Mr. Trollope—as she did in the recent novels we have already named, and in some others, had she any need to do so. But in *Brownlows* her characters are as colorless as they are faultless; so far as concerns any individuality they possess, we have done them little wrong in representing them by algebraic symbols. The junior part of the *dramatis personæ* constitutes the most insipid quartette of lovers we have ever encountered. Mr. Brownlow's struggles with himself are impaired by the inordinate prolixity with which they are set forth. In half-a-dozen old women, most of them odious in the extreme, is to be found the only alleviation of the general stupor that pervades the book; and the illustrations of the power of the *auri sacra fames* in the person of Mrs. Preston, transforming a woman thoroughly good and insignificant and a devoted mother into an unreasoning tyrant and a fuming haridan, is the single ameliorating circumstance that relieves it from utter dullness.

We regret to have to speak thus of the book, because if we were asked to name the ten foremost among contemporaneous lady novelists, we should unhesitatingly put Mrs. Oliphant by no means last among them. But *Brownlows* shows a very marked falling off, which is evidently due to no loss of power, but rather to an apathy, natural enough perhaps to an author of position firmly assured, yet highly exasperating to readers and especially to reviewers, whose admiration has been too unreservedly accorded to be withdrawn. It may be that Mrs. Oliphant has exhausted this vein; if so, she should by all means leave it to Mr. Trollope, and, as she has before now shown that she could do so, when she next meets her readers let it be in fresh woods and pastures new.

#### LIBRARY TABLE.

**LIGHT: Its Influence on Life and Health.** By Forbes Winslow, M.D., D.C.L., Oxon. (Hon.), etc., etc. New York: Moorhead, Simpson & Bond. 1868.—It seems strange, knowing the avidity with which American publishers seize on a taking English book, that Dr. Winslow's delightful volume should have been left for one of the youngest of our houses to issue. A book which every educated person should read; which even the uneducated can peruse with advantage; and which, moreover, is written in the most charming style, was a prize worthy the attention of those whom practice had rendered keen at perceiving the merits of works which can be had for nothing. We think they have made a great mistake, and that the present publishers will reap an abundant harvest from Dr. Winslow's pains and their own enterprise. The subject of *Light* is one which intimately concerns the physical and mental health of mankind. It is perfectly possible to produce easily an intellectual degradation by the mere deprivation of light. Cretinism, a condition characterized by arrest of development both of the mind and body, is peculiar to mountainous regions, and is in all probability due, in main part, to the fact that the dwellers in valleys and mountain regions are, in a great measure, cut off from the full influence of the useful rays from the sun. Dr. Winslow discusses with great ability and perspicuity all the points connected with this matter. He shows how essential it is both for the person in full health and for the invalid that the direct rays of the sun should reach them often, and how necessary the sunlight is to the development of children into men and women of vigorous minds and bodies. Etrolation, or that state induced by a deprivation of light, is certainly as lamentable a condition as it is possible for the organism to reach. One of the most interesting chapters of Dr. Winslow's treatise is that upon the effect of the lunar ray in aggravating the condition of the insane, or even in producing mental aberration. Without absolutely committing himself to the affirmative view, it is clearly to be seen that the author is inclined to adopt it. Certainly there are many facts which tend to confirm the opinion that the moon does exercise a powerful influence over our minds and bodies. Many of the most eminent psychologists recognize the fact that at the full of the moon the insane are more violent than at other times, and many cases are on record of madness following prolonged exposure to the rays of the moon. Dr. Winslow has interspersed his little volume with many anecdotes in illustration of the points under discussion, and brings forward a number of scientific facts in support of his views. The American reprint is issued in the highest style of the typographical art, and the work as a whole is one which every person with a soul above mere sentimentalism will be sure to read through if they once begin.

*Meditations on the Actual State of Christianity, and on the Attacks which are now being made upon it.* By M. Guizot. Translated under the Superintendence of the Author. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1868.—Three years ago M. Guizot published *Meditations on the Essence of Christianity*. The present volume is another in the series he has pro-

jected, to be followed by two more on the *History and the Destiny of the Christian Faith*. This is a broad and noble theme, and the utterances of Guizot will command a respectful attention, even from those who would not pay much heed to a professed theologian. The subjects of the eight chapters in this volume are, *The Awakening of Christianity in France in the Nineteenth Century; Spiritualism; Rationalism; Positivism; Pantheism; Materialism; Scepticism; Impiety; Recklessness, and Perplexity*. On these topics M. Guizot is interesting and instructive; though it is manifest that no one of them can, in the prescribed limits, be fully and thoroughly handled. Broad, general views, outlines of thought and argument, are all that can be expected. But these are so well stated as to commend themselves to the attention of all reflecting minds interested in these high themes. The larger part of this volume has, of course, to do with the changes and progress of opinion in France; there is, in fact, very little about kindred tendencies in other countries. The revival of the religious spirit of France, in reaction from the disastrous infidelity of the times of the Revolution, is effectively treated. Many of the prominent actors were personally known to the writer, and in all the fluctuations of opinion he felt a deep interest. Upon M. Comte personally there are some curious revelations, falling under Guizot's own observation, and hardly creditable to the positivist philosopher. The subjects of pantheism and materialism are not treated with sufficient thoroughness to make any very decided impression, being described in their external characteristics rather than examined in their fundamental principles. But the deliberate protest of such a cautious and clear-headed thinker, of such a wise and experienced observer, has great value and will have no inconsiderable influence. And M. Guizot's decisive testimony to the supreme importance and the ultimate authority of this Christian faith, is an inestimable legacy and a hopeful augury.

*Dr. William Smith's Dictionary of the Bible.* Revised and Edited by Professor H. B. Hackett, D.D., with the co-operation of Ezra Abbot, A.M. Vol. I., A to Gennesaret. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1868.—Dr. Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible* is undoubtedly the best in the English language, and not surpassed by any similar dictionary in any other language; and this American edition of the unabridged work (to be in three volumes) is undoubtedly, in several respects, an improvement on the English edition. Dr. Hackett is one of our ablest biblical scholars, and Mr. Abbot is a careful and thorough critic, pliant and sharp in the detection of errors. The editors are aided, too, by quite a large number of American scholars, who supplement the original articles (which are all given in full) with various corrections and additions, especially in the literary references on the different topics. Among the advantages of this edition are these: the scripture references have all been verified anew, and more than a thousand errors corrected; many cross-references have been introduced; the English signification of Hebrew and Greek names of persons and places has been fully given according to the best recent authorities; the accentuation of the proper names has been adjusted on consistent principles; the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin (Vulgate) forms of the proper names are more fully and accurately given, with special reference, also, to the Vatican and Alexandrine manuscripts; obsolete English words and phrases are more uniformly explained than in the English work; new illustrations, derived from Eastern customs and traditions, have been introduced; the bibliography has been greatly enlarged, with particular reference to the works of American scholars. The Arabic words have been revised Dr. Van Dyck, of Syria, the accomplished translator of the Arabic scriptures, and by Professor Salisbury, of Yale College. With these claims to favor, this work will undoubtedly have a circulation corresponding to its real merits. The typographical execution is in all respects at least equal to the English edition.

*Randolph Honor.* By the Author of *Ingemisco*. New York: Richardson & Company. 1868.—It is not strange that the period of our recent civil war—so rich in picturesque contrasts and strange vicissitudes of fortune—should be selected by novelists whose inclination leads them to write of scenes occurring in our own country; and many Southern ladies have thus found agreeable and remunerative employment for energies which might otherwise have been wasted in vain regrets and unprofitable complainings. In *Randolph Honor* we have pictures of life which are not wanting in power, and descriptions of scenery drawn with truth and delicacy. The story is not sensational, and its moral tone is unexceptionable; but the plot is meagre, and the great difficulties of character-painting the authoress has not yet mastered. Although this cannot be called a good novel, it is by no means devoid of interest, which is greatly enhanced by the fidelity of its local coloring, of which the following affords a fair specimen:

"They skirt the lake, with its level, cultivated island, fringed at the point by a grove of oaks, beneath which cattle range among the green and brown and yellow-tinted bushes dipping in the water. Bordering the road lie fields where the shrivelled cotton-plant yet flings out here and there a remnant of its snowy bolls, and where negroes are busy with stick and hoe beating down the stalks and gathering them in heaps for the burning. At noontide they lounge beneath the trees at dinner, which those sturdy urchins, gaping round, have brought from the family kitchen of the quarter. Here are four or five mothers returning from a visit to their children, left daily in the quarter in charge of the nurse. And as the carriage passes, the servants form two dusky lines of greeting and staring, with pulling of hats and head-handkerchiefs, and bobbing of courtesies to all white passers-by, exclusive of 'poor white trash,' whom they hold in sovereign contempt.

"Behind, across a half-cleared field of decaying stumps, blackened trunks, and gaunt, white-girdled, well-nigh branchless trees, where a dozen wood-peckers are tapping, sweeps the even line of woodland, blue-grey and purple-brown, with here a shining glimpse of green and there a blaze of yellow or of red-white line of deadened timber or black-burnt pillar. The sunlight falls but dimly through the interlacing boughs, although only at intervals there is verdant foliage. Massive vines coil their serpent-length aloft. Heavy Spanish moss, trailing down a yard in length, or festooned from tree to tree, its silver-grey darkening in denseness, heightens the weird aspect of gigantic cypresses. These rise from the black earth like so many sapling stems, close-welded together, and sloping inward to a pale shaft, which rears itself straight up, with branches leafed by tufts of fringy brown."

One of the best scenes in the book occurs in the twenty-third chapter; it is full of deep feeling, and entirely free from exaggeration. In this work, as in *Ingemisco*, there appears so fair a promise of future excellence that we feel justified in saying that the young authoress who produced them is capable, with increased cultivation and mature thought, of achieving something much better than she has yet offered to the public.

*Ekkoes from Kentucky.* By Petroleum V. Nasby, etc. *Bein a Perfect Record on the Ups, Downs, and Experiences on the Dimocrisy, durin the eventful year 1867, ez seen by a Naturalized Kentuckian.* Illustrated by Thomas Nast. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1868.—Our opinion of the nature of the Rev. Mr. Nasby's fun was given at such length when his last volume was before us (*The Round Table*, No. 111, March 9, 1867), and everybody's opinion, moreover, is so thoroughly made up on the subject, that it is hardly worth while again to go into detail upon its merits and blemishes. Marked as the latter are, there can be no question, perhaps partly because of them, that the satire of the Nasby letters has been very effective. If their effect is on the decline, it is not, as is usually the case with fun of this sort, that their author has written himself out, for the flow of his humor seems as abundant and he makes his points as unerringly and profusely as ever; but it has been going on for so long a time and so continuously, and each new letter is so passed about the Radical press of the country, that satiety is inevitable. To only one circumstance, and that a strange and seemingly unaccountable one, can we attribute the fact that there is still any demand for them at all. This is that, with all the fun available for satire and caricature in the Radical interest—and that there is an immense amount of it a glance through this little volume would satisfy any one who did not know it already—its utilization has been left almost wholly to the writer and the artist here associated. On the Democratic side, it is true, there are no stated manufacturers of partisan fun, such as these, to whom the party turns as a matter of course in every emergency. But the Democratic press includes many writers—as in *The Louisville Journal*, *The Boston Post*, *The New Orleans Times*, and others—who are frequently very felicitous in sharp quips and repartee and other phases of witticism with a sting in it. Sometimes, of course, there is grossness, sometimes brutality in these, as in every other manifestation of political polemics, but it is certainly not on that score that Radical journals abjure them, yet the fact remains that of sententious fun they are singularly destitute. The single specimen passage for which we can make room, as one of the most characteristic we have found, is distinguished by one of Mr. Nast's pictures—not the best, however; that, after some comparison with "Niggers Recognizing their Moses" (p. 192), we are inclined to pronounce the one (p. 288) representing a wagon-load of Democratic virgins appealing to the chivalry of voters to "Save us from Nigger Ekality! White Husbans or Nun!"—and it bears date about a year ago, immediately after the Connecticut election:

"I left the Dimocrisy jubilate and come on to Washington, feelin that I must go where I coud find kindred soles. The nite I arrived there wuz high carnival at the White House. The President wuz in tall feather. Ther wuz Connecticut visible all over him. He had a wooden nutmeg for a buzzum-pin, a minatoor bass-wood ham hung from his watch fob, and in honor uv the occasion ther wuz drikin punches made uv Noo England rum, with small slices uv Wethersfield onyons in em instead uv lemons. Randall sprang toward me ez I entered the room, and clasped me by one hand, the President by tother, and we then—not altogether onlike the three graces—embraced. They hed the advantage uv me, ez they hed one odor—the onyion—which I hedn't, but I stood it. Why not, when that odor wuz from the breeths uv those havin the apintin power? I woud hev stood it hed they bin eatin assafetida."

"At this juncter Sekretary Welles come in."

"Ha!" sed he, "why this unwonted hilarity? why this joy wher Greir generally holds her court?"

"The Connecticut eleshun," said Seward.

"O, to be sure," sed the venerable old man, vacantly, "I remember. Hawley, wuz it, or some other man who wuz elected over—over—what wuz his name?—our candidate?"

"That wuz last year," sed Seward, angrily.

"Well, perhaps it wuz. When did that State vote agin?" asked he, innocently, to wich no anser wuz given. But very little attention is paid to Sekretary Welles by any one 'ceptin Seward, and the fact that he occasionally undertakes to keep him posted in current events is generally taken ez evidence that he's breakin up. Poor William, it's evident that he's passin into his dotage."

*I. On the Heights: A Novel.* By Berthola Auerbach. Translated by Fanny Elizabeth Bunnitt. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1868.—II. *In the Year '13: A Tale of Mecklenburg Life.* By Fritz Reuter. Translated from the Platt-Deutsch by Charles Lee Leves. New York: Lippoldt & Holt. 1868.—Both of these novels were described in these columns at the time of their original appearance as the first specimens of Baron Tauchnitz's collection of German authors.

The conviction we expressed in the course of an uncommonly long review of *On the Heights* (*The Round Table*, No. 125, June 15, 1867), that it was above the comprehension of the ordinary novel reader, was in fact what is known as "too good" to be popular, is still so strong as to leave a



strong feeling of surprise that such demand can exist for it as to justify the production of the very tasteful volume in which its new publishers have seen fit to embody it. It has, it is true, quite "story" enough to satisfy the large class of novel readers whose natural diet is made up of such productions as *Norwood*, or Miss Braddon's, or Mr. Yates's novels, works whose perusal—whatever their production may have done—entails upon the reader no unwonted exercise of thought. But it is to a very different class, we should think, that *On the Heights* must appeal—to those who will study it as they would study *Hamlet* or *Faust*; and by such certainly the new edition will be fully appreciated. We regret to have to add that the translation is neither that of Dr. Max Schlesinger, of London, nor that of Mr. Bayard Taylor, both of which were at one time promised, in a manner; but the one whose atrocities of grammar and construction we had to censure when speaking of Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt's edition,—and these, so far as we can judge from the collation of certain test passages which we happen to remember, remain entirely unameliorated—extremely discreditable blemishes.

While speaking of Auerbach it is proper to mention that the Messrs. Roberts promise us a new novel from his pen; also, that Mr. H. B. Fuller, likewise of Boston, issues at least two of his tales, *Little Barefoot* and *Joseph in the Snow*, stories which, professedly juvenile, have the property common to many German works of the higher order, of having no less value for older folk.

In the Year '13 is in the same form—that of the Tauchnitz collection—as when we described it some months since, with the exception that it is now bound in a neat cloth cover, making a volume as shapely as it is amusing. This collection, which, so far as published here, consists of the two works above mentioned and Dr. Anster's translation of Goethe's *Faust*, has just been enlarged by the issue in England of the long announced works, soon, we suppose, to be given us here, Fouqué's *Undine* and other tales, translated, we are sorry to say, by the same hand as *On the Heights*; Paul Heyse's *L'Arabiata*; and Heinrich Zschokke's *Princess of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel*.

I. *The Pickwick Club*. By Charles Dickens. With eight illustrations. (The Charles Dickens Edition.) Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1868.

II. *The Pickwick Club*.—III. *David Copperfield*.—IV. *Martin Chuzzlewit*.—V. *Domby and Son*.—VI. *Nicholas Nickleby*.—VII. *Barnaby Rudge*.—VIII. *Oliver Twist*.—IX. *Great Expectations*.—X. *Christmas Stories*.—XI. *Sketches by Boz*.—XII. *American Notes*.—XIII. *Hard Times*.—XIV. *A Tale of Two Cities*. By Charles Dickens. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1867-8.

XV. *Hunted Down*.—XVI. *The Holly-Tree Inn, and other Stories*.—XVII. *Bleak House*.—XVIII. *Old Curiosity Shop*.—XIX. *Little Dorrit*.—XX. *Our Mutual Friend*.—XXI. *Sketches by Boz*.—XXII. *David Copperfield*.—XXIII. *Hard Times*.—XXIV. *No Thoroughfare*.—XXV. *American Notes*.—XXVI. *A Tale of Two Cities*.—XXVII. *Domby and Son*.—XXVIII. *Martin Chuzzlewit*.—XXIX. *Christmas Stories*.—XXX. *Nicholas Nickleby*.—XXXI. *Barnaby Rudge*.—XXXII. *Mugby Junction*. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 1868.

The pile of pamphlets which has accumulated since we last took occasion to note the progress of the multiplication of cheap editions of Dickens has assumed such proportions, as the above list may show, that the appearance of the *avant courier* of still another series of applicants for the public favor admonishes us to make a clearance before their number becomes overwhelming. The new-comer, the first on our list, is printed from the same plates as the handsome *Charles Dickens Edition*, with which most of our readers doubtless are familiar. The type is handsome and very legible—very much, by way of illustration, like that we here use—the page broad, and each right-hand supplied with a descriptive head line; the paper, while inferior to that of the bound edition, is still good and clear; the illustrations, eight to a volume, are the designs which originally accompanied the works; the price of each volume, thirteen or fourteen of which complete the set, is seventy-five cents.

Quite marvellous for their combined cheapness and neatness is the edition of the Messrs. Appleton—the *Plum-Pudding Edition* as somebody has styled it, in allusion to Mr. Gaston Fay's design on the cover. The page of this is also very handsome to look upon; it is printed in a double-column, in a type considerably smaller than that of the edition previously described, but still perfectly legible and considerably larger than that of the popular diamond editions; the paper is excellent; the price varies from fifteen to thirty-five cents per volume, that is, as well as we can judge from comparison, 15 cents for books which fill about 100 pages, 20 cents for those from thence to 150 pages, 25 cents for those upward to 200, 30 cents for all others less than 300, and 35 cents for the remainder; a scale which must have been constructed on the presumption of enormous sales, as the entire set of seventeen volumes is offered for \$4.50.

The edition of the Messrs. Peterson is larger than either of these and cheap enough, but it is cheap in appearance and workmanship as well as in cost. One might read it comfortably enough, and if he bought for but one reading, purposing afterward to throw it aside, it would answer all his wants. But it is not an edition any one would think of preserving or binding. Its cost is 25 cents per volume. The *People's Edition* issued by this house, which we have on former occasions mentioned as at once inexpensive and

satisfactory in appearance for the library, is within two or three volumes of completion, to which time we defer another description of it.

I. *Waverley*.—II. *Ivanhoe*.—III. *Guy Mannering*.—IV. *Kenilworth*. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1868.

V. *The Antiquary*.—VI. *Guy Mannering*.—VII. *Kenilworth*.—VIII. *Ivanhoe*.—IX. *Waverley*.—X. *Rob Roy*.—XI. *Old Mortality*. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 1868.

These books correspond in appearance and price with the editions of Dickens issued respectively by the same publishers and just described. The only differences to be noted are that the *Waverley Novels*, as issued by the Messrs. Appleton, have very fair frontispieces, and, being nearly uniform in size, are sold at the uniform price of twenty-five cents each, the set consisting of twenty-five volumes. How cheap they really are can be realized by nobody who has not scrutinized the excellence of their workmanship.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

HARPER & BROS., New York.—History of the Thirty-ninth Congress of the United States. By William H. Barnes, A.M. With portraits. Pp. ix, 636. 1868.

The Massacre of St. Bartholomew. By Henry White. With illustrations. Pp. xvi, 497. 1868.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston.—The Spirit of Seventy-six: A Prophetic Drama, etc. Pp. 146. 1868.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Philadelphia (London: Macmillan & Co.).—The Pupils of St. John the Divine. By C. M. Yonge. Pp. xvi, 320.

THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY, New York.—Tales from the Diary of a Sister of Mercy. By C. M. Brame. Pp. 328. 1868.

D. & J. SADLER & CO., New York, Boston, and Montreal.—The Great Day. Translated from the French by Mrs. Sadler. Pp. xii, 123.

A. S. BARNES & CO., New York.—Independent Fifth Reader. By J. Madison Watson. Pp. xii, 336. 1868.

#### PAMPHLETS.

TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston.—The Pickwick Club. By Charles Dickens. With eight illustrations. Pp. xii, 497. 1868.

D. APPLETON & CO., New York.—Hard Times. By Charles Dickens. Pp. 202.

A Tale of Two Cities. By the same. Pp. 144.

T. B. PETERSON & BROS., Philadelphia.—The Marriage Verdict. By Alexander Dumas. Pp. 158.

Barnaby Rudge. By Charles Dickens. Pp. 261.

Mugby Junction. By the same. Pp. 109.

Rob Roy. By Sir Walter Scott. Pp. 129.

Old Mortality. By the same. Pp. 124.

HARPER & BROS., New York.—Five Hundred Pounds Reward: A Novel. By a Barrister.

J. T. ROBINSON & CO., North Adams, Mass.—Transcript Pieces. By Frank Foxcroft. Pp. 92.

We have also received current issues of The Southern Review—Baltimore; The Month—London and Baltimore; The Broadway—London and New York; Harper's Magazine, Demorest's Young America, Blackwood's Magazine (reprint), The Northern Monthly—New York; The American Naturalist—Salem; The Ladies' Friend, Our Schoolboy Visitor—Philadelphia; The Sunday-school Teacher—Chicago; The Ladies' Repository—Cincinnati.

#### MUSIC.

WM. A. POND & CO., New York.—Newest School of Velocity for the Piano-forte. By H. Berens. Parts I. and II.

Bombastes Furioso. By George William Warren.

The Girl I Left Behind Me. Arranged by Jean Manus.

Serenade. By the same.

Compositions of J. N. Pattison. I Cannot Sing the Old Songs.

'Tis Evening brings my Heart to Thee. Song. Words by Miss Fanny Crosby. Music by Henry Tucker.

Victory! Moreau Caracéristique. By August Buhl.

Penserosa. Valse Sentimentale. Par Ch. B. Lysberg.

Pond's Dance Music. Les Dames de Saville. (Schubert.)

Weiner Bon-Bon. (Strauss.)

La Belle Héloïse Galop. By J. Offenbach.

Polka. By the same.

Recollections of Home. (Caprice Popular.) By S. B. Mills.

Wooden Wedding Galop. By J. M. Lander.

Remembrance of Tyrol. Idylle. By Joh. Kafka.

Marie. Polonaise brillante. Par Frédéric Baum Felder.

Who can Tell? A Ballad. Words by E. Ransford. Music by Geo. B. Allen.

Reminiscences of La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein. By Albert W. Berg.

"Le Sabre de Mon Père."

"Il était un des Aïeux."

La Joven Americana Lanceros. Par Lino A. Boza. (St. Jago de Cuba.)

#### FINANCIAL.

##### THE TRUE SOLUTION OF THE MONEY QUESTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Hitherto I have endeavored to demonstrate in your columns several points preliminary and essential to a proper understanding of the currency problem, and I will recapitulate them in the order of their importance. First, I have tried to make plain to the common understanding why it is that the currency of any nation is a fixed quantity, determined by influences entirely external to such nation. This is an economical law as perpetual and immutable as the law of gravitation or any physical law. It is, indeed, itself a physical law. This law is commonly disputed by persons unacquainted with the science of political economy, and when disputed there is an end to all intelligent discussion on the subject. Second, I have tried to show that the currency of a nation consists not merely of bank notes or Treasury notes, but also of other instruments of commerce, such as bank checks, the giving of which is a cash payment in precisely the same degree as the giving of a bank note. The amount of these checks in use is represented by what is known as deposits in banks. These deposits are mostly created by loans and discounts, and are merely inscribed credits on the books of the banks. It is not uncommonly supposed that these bank deposits are bank or Treasury notes or specie exclusively. It is quite true that any person depositing a thousand dollars in bank bills would have a deposit in the bank or a credit on its books, but the thousand dollars would be paid out as soon as possible in payment of some check drawn by another person, and the party whose check

was paid would have his deposit account reduced to that extent, while the party who deposited the thousand dollars would be still entitled to a check on the bank for the sum which is still at his credit. Suppose a person wishes to purchase goods to the amount of a thousand dollars and he has no bank bills or Treasury notes or specie to deposit in the bank—what does he do? He takes his promissory note, endorsed by some party, or government bonds, and borrows of the bank, getting a discount or loan as the case may be. Whatever the bank loans him is placed to his credit on the books, creating a deposit against which he draws his check, thus adding to the active currency of the community. I have dwelt on this point because it is frequently denied that deposits form a part of the currency, and those who do not understand it clearly are referred to Henry C. Carey's *Social Science*, Vol. II., p. 386; also to Amasa Walker's *Science of Wealth*, p. 148. Third, I have demonstrated beyond controversy that the fixed quantity of our currency is about thirteen and one half dollars of circulation and deposits *per capita*, and that when they exceed fifteen dollars *per capita* specie payments are suspended, and the currency becomes irredeemable. And if they recede to eleven dollars *per capita* there is an influx of specie from foreign countries. Fourth, I have shown that the circulation and deposits are about forty dollars *per capita* at the present time, and that the circulation must be contracted or funded, or the premium on gold must rise to near 200, and until either of these events take place we shall go on accumulating a foreign debt at the rate of 200,000,000 per annum, beside prostrating industry in all its branches, thus impoverishing the people and destroying the revenue. Fifth, I have shown that there is no instance in history where an excessive issue of irredeemable currency (government paper money) has ever been contracted or funded, and that it is impossible to do either. But as this is an important and conclusive point I will try to make it clearer.

Let us suppose that a person owning a house before the war, valued at \$10,000, mortgaged that house at four-fifths its value, or \$8,000, and that the house has nominally increased in value, so that it is now worth \$20,000 in the present depreciated currency, and that he discharged the first mortgage by paying \$8,000 of the present currency instead of four-fifths the present value of the house or \$16,000. Now, suppose that he mortgages the house anew at four-fifths its value, or \$16,000. I mean to say that it is impossible to make this depreciated currency as good or valuable as the currency in existence before the war, when the house was first mortgaged, because it does not represent sufficient value. There is not the wealth or value in existence with which to make it good. The attempt to make it good would ruin the debtor class without benefiting the creditor class. The currency cannot be made as good as before the war, because the house was only worth \$10,000 of that currency. The mortgage on the house can never be made equal to \$16,000 of that currency because the house itself is only worth \$10,000, and that is all the creditor can receive. The debtor may have his house taken away, but the creditor cannot get \$16,000 out of it. Therefore, if the loans and discounts of the banks are six hundred millions and the amount owed by the banks to their depositors and bill-holders is nine hundred millions, and the amount of open book accounts and mortgages showing indebtedness is three hundred millions, and the legal tenders in circulation amount to three hundred and fifty millions, then the amount of property representing all this indebtedness of those owing the banks, and of the banks owing their creditors, and the government owing the holders of its notes, and those owing balances on book accounts and mortgages, is less than one-half, and one-third only of its nominal value, and therefore the debtor classes cannot pay what they have not, nor can the creditor classes receive what is not in existence. Those owing the banks six hundred millions of present currency cannot pay in ante-war currency. The banks cannot pay their depositors and bill-holders, etc., nor can the government pay its bill-holders unless it unjustly takes from the tax-payers the wherewithal to do it. Unjustly, I say, because the government bill-holder will receive two or three times as much as he gave, at the expense of the tax-payer. Of course, the original mortgagee of the house was treated unjustly in being obliged to receive eight thousand dollars of a depreciated currency, or two-fifths of the value of the house, for his eight thousand dollars of ante-war currency, which was equal to four-fifths of the value of the house. But if the government was obliged, in order to save its own existence, to issue bills of credit and make them a legal tender for all debts public and private (as I contend that it was), and thus authorize partial repudiation of private debts, and do a great wrong to the creditor classes, it surely has no right to commit injustice afresh, unnecessarily, by obliging the tax-payers to pay any debt contracted in a currency with two or three times as much as that in which the debt was contracted. The government did not wrong its own creditors in enacting the legal-tender act. It had few creditors at the time, and so far they have been paid in coin, and they probably will be so paid hereafter. And those creditors who loaned a currency equal to the ante-war currency (in the bonds of 1881) will be paid, or ought to be paid, in an equally good currency. But upon what principle of equity does the holder of a five-twenty bond claim to be paid in a currency equal in value to the ante-war currency? I have shown that pri-

vate creditors cannot possibly be paid, dollar for dollar, in an ante-war currency or its equivalent. Nor can the public creditors except by taxes wrung from the labor of future generations. By what rule of ethics is it adjudged that this government, or any government, shall raise the standard in the settlement of a debt contracted by a lower standard? Has the United States government any right to violate law and pay (it is impossible), or attempt to pay, in a currency equal to the ante-war currency, a debt contracted in paper money? It was a grand spectacle for an admiring world to witness the peaceful disbanding of a great army of citizen soldiers, and to see them enter into the peaceful pursuits of honest industry. They had risked something more than their capital in defence of their country. They had risked their lives; they had uncomplainingly received their monthly stipend in a depreciated currency loaned by the bondholder; and shall this government be guilty of the infamous ingratitude of wringing from them taxes wherewith to pay back the bondholder in coin? This claim of the bondholders is simply atrocious in all its aspects. When it is considered that what is taken in taxes is taken from the wages of labor, rent, and profits, this claim of the bondholders is a denial of the right of our laboring classes to exist. The taxes are much heavier here than in England, and in proportion as they are greater so will the condition of our laboring classes be less tolerable. The condition of the country at the present time plainly indicates that the taxes are so heavy as to encroach upon capital, and that the means of the people are gradually being eaten up by taxation. I have thought proper to dwell on the claim of the five-twenty bondholders because it enters into what I conceive to be the only solution of our financial troubles, which are growing more and more serious and embarrassed every day.

Assuming, then, that the volume of our currency *per capita* is three times as great as before the war, it follows that, estimating the wages of labor to be the standard, our present currency is as three to one of the ante-war currency. I assume that if the country were in a prosperous condition, and a quick demand equal to the supply existed for labor, the house which cost ten thousand dollars before the war would cost thirty thousand dollars now to build; it being a law of political economy that the value of a commodity is what it would cost to reproduce it. The price of a commodity is what it will bring in money—*price* and *value* being distinct in their meaning. The value of our legal tender, for instance, is thirty-three cents on the dollar. Its price is about seventy cents, and it is this stupid policy of the Secretary of the Treasury in maintaining the *price* of the legal tender so far above its *value* which is forcing the country into the abyss of ruin.

The true solution, then, of our difficulties, is to fix by law the value of our paper money at three paper dollars for one gold dollar, and resume specie payments at once on that basis, declaring at the same time that all public and private debts contracted in paper money shall be paid in paper money, except such debts as are by law, or special agreement, payable in coin. This will put gold to 300 at once, but it will hurt no one who is not short of gold. It will bring order out of chaos immediately, and stop the accumulation of foreign debt, and increase production and revenue.

The paper money of Russia is fixed at three and one-half paper roubles for one silver rouble.

The credit of a government depends upon the proportion that its revenue bears to its expenses, and the ability with which the people support such revenue. It is easy to see, therefore, that the credit of this government is declining day by day. The measure proposed, as I have said, will restore the currency to its normal value, increase production, augment the revenue, and strengthen the public credit. It is a great mistake to suppose that a high premium on gold is an unfailing criterion of the credit of a government. We might not have a dollar of funded indebtedness, and yet, by an excessive issue of currency, it would become depreciated. On the other hand, our funded indebtedness might be twice what it is, and yet, if our whole circulation and deposits were less than \$450,000,000, the currency would remain at par. The credit of Spain and Turkey is very weak, deservedly so, and yet, I believe, their currency is not depreciated.

It is astonishing to witness the persistent attempt of the Secretary of the Treasury, aided by Congress, and I may say public opinion also, to depress the premium on gold. If this were accomplished by legitimate means—by the diminution of the volume of the currency (which is impossible), it were very laudable and statesmanlike. But nothing can be more reprehensible, nothing more fatal to the credit of this government, nothing so sure to bring inconceivable ruin upon the country, as the attempt to impart fictitious value to the currency. If we have three times our normal quantity of currency afloat, we may regret the fact and wish it were otherwise; but it will be the highest prudence, as it is our only safety, to "accept the situation," and act upon it without delay.

G. A. P.

## TABLE-TALK.

MR. FREDERIC S. COZZENS has had printed in a handsome pamphlet his interesting memorial of Fitz-Greene Halleck, read before the New York Historical Society January 6, 1868. Mr. Cozzens's personal acquaintance with the poet gives to his reminiscences a value which is not lessened by a very agreeable style, and has enabled him to gather many incidents of Halleck's literary life, some

old, some, to us at least, new, all full of interest. Doubtless the author will pardon us for sharing with our readers, to all of whom they may not be so readily accessible, some of the fruits of his labors:

"I asked Mr. Embury, one day, why it was that John Jacob Astor had left Halleck, his faithful clerk, only this trifling sum [an annuity of two hundred dollars]. 'I think I can explain that,' he said. 'Halleck used to joke Mr. Astor about his accumulating income, and perhaps rather rashly said, "Mr. Astor, of what use is all this money to you? I would be content to live upon a couple of hundreds a-year, for the rest of my life, if I was only sure of it." The old man remembered that,' said Mr. Embury, 'and, with a bitter satire, reminded Halleck of it in his will.'"

"Mr. Halleck told me that, after Drake's proposal to make a poetical firm, many of the Croaker papers were written in this wise: He, or Drake, would furnish a draught of the poem, and that one or the other would suggest any alteration or enlargement of the idea; a closer clipping of the wings of fancy; a little epigrammatic spur upon the heel of a line.

"To show how delightful these joint labors were, to both these illustrious men, Halleck told me that, upon one occasion, Drake, after writing some stanzas and getting the proof from the printer, laid his cheek down upon the lines he had written, and, looking at his fellow-poet with beaming eyes, said, 'O, Halleck, isn't this happiness!'"

"Mr. Halleck rarely spoke of his own productions; indeed, he seemed to think very lightly of them. Yet he had an unbounded admiration for Drake. Drake, on the other hand, did not think his own poems worth publishing or acknowledging. One day, on my speaking of *Fanny* to Mr. Halleck, he said, 'Ah, I do not pride myself upon anything in it except the quotation. You know the subject is not elevated. The story of a bankrupt retail dry-goods merchant is not a poetical theme. But the motto is the very opposite of such a story, and therein lies the wit:

"A fairy vision  
Of some gay creatures of the elements,  
That in the colors of the rainbow live,  
And play in the plighted clouds.

Milton."

At another time we are told:

"He referred to one or two luckless orators who, in attempting to eulogize a man whose genius they did not comprehend, fell into some ludicrous mistakes. In alluding to this he said, 'Poor Burns! he belonged to the militia, and his last dying request was, "Don't let the awkward squad fire over my grave." The other night, at that dinner, the awkward squad were firing away over his grave just as hard as ever.' In his opinion, Faulconbridge in *King John* was Shakespeare's greatest creation—the most truthful, chivalric, and original. Halleck told me that he had not received over a thousand dollars in all his life, for all his writings."

According to Mr. Cozzens his opinion of publishers was not very complimentary—what author's was in Halleck's day? Probably there was not one but would have agreed with Byron in his emendation of Murray's Bible, when he changed the text "Now Barabbas was a robber" to "Now Barabbas was a publisher." Halleck certainly must have enjoyed it.

"He said to me one day, 'The best part of my life was spent in a counting-room. I know what "account-sales" means, and I never could get an "account-sales" from my publishers.'

"Upon one occasion, when I met him in the magnificent bookstore of one of the prominent publishers, and the principal of the firm was present, he said, with that familiar lifting of the hat, after the few preliminary remarks—'By the way, do you remember the story of Dr. Samuel Johnson dining behind the screen? It is related that Dr. Johnson was invited by his publisher to dine with him, at the great table, when all the big wigs were to be present. But Dr. Johnson declined, and took his dinner in quiet, behind a screen. The common story is, that Johnson excused himself because his clothes were too shabby to appear before such high company. That is a historical mistake: Dr. Johnson, by his learning, by his genius, by his intellectual birth-gift, was a gentleman; and, as a gentleman, he would not dine with a publisher!'"

Mr. Cozzens corrects a very common misapprehension with regard to the originality of *Fanny*:

"It is generally said of it that it is an imitation of *Don Juan*. Now, if you turn to Murray's edition of Byron's works, you will find that the first part of *Don Juan* was published in London in 1819, and if you turn to the edition of *Fanny* printed in 1839, you will see that it is reprinted from the edition of 1821, which had been enlarged and reprinted from the original edition of 1819. So that *Fanny* was published in the same year with *Don Juan*, and, of course, could not be an imitation. In fact, Mr. Halleck told me that *Fanny* was published before *Don Juan* had crossed the Atlantic, and that he had adopted the versification of *Beppo*, one of Byron's minor poems. But the story of *Beppo* is entirely different from either *Fanny* or *Don Juan*.

"The last effort of Halleck is, I believe, a little epigrammatic quatrain, which he handed me one day. It was written in a lady's album:

"All honor to woman, the sweetheart, the wife,  
The delight of the fireside by night and by day,  
Who never does anything wrong in her life,  
Except when permitted to have her own way."

The saddest incident of all was the one with which the memorial closes:

"It was proposed by Mr. Hackett to invite Mr. Halleck, Mr. Verplanck, and one or two other old friends to meet together and have a good old-fashioned dinner. Halleck used to say, 'Pretty much all my old friends are gone—except Bryant, Verplanck, and myself—we are the last of the cocked hats.' But the projected dinner was unhappily interrupted by the decease of the poet in whose honor it was intended to be given. I met Mr. Hackett and Mr. Verplanck, and agreed upon the day when I was to notify Halleck—and an hour after that meeting I heard the sad news of his death."

Mr. Cozzens has done his work well and lovingly, and we have to thank him for no ordinary degree of pleasure in reading his entertaining sketch. But being nothing if not critical, we cannot give him only unalloyed praise; we must find fault with him for what we cannot help considering his very unjust animadversions on critics and their office. To be sure he has eminent authority to confirm his position. Wordsworth scoffed at the critics' "inglorious employment;" Mr. Tennyson sneers at a feeble sneer at the "irresponsible, indolent reviewers," and Mr. Swinburne cannot conceive how anybody could be lured into the sterile ways of criticism unless "for the noble pleasure of praising." But none of these gentlemen is exactly a disinterested or impartial judge; each had suffered severely from "irresponsible, indolent reviewers," and their penchant for the, if not equally noble, certainly far more exquisite pleasure of blaming. Hear what a more dispassionate enquirer than either of these has said upon this point, one who, along with being a

better critic, is not much worse a poet than either—Mr. Matthew Arnold:

"It is the business of the critical power, as I said in the words already quoted, 'in all branches of knowledge, theology, philosophy, history, art, science, to see the object as in itself it really is.' Thus it tends, at last, to make an intellectual situation of which the creative power can profitably avail itself. It tends to establish an order of ideas if not absolutely true, yet true by comparison with that which it displaces; to make the best ideas prevail. Presently the new ideas reach society, the touch of truth is the touch of life, and there is a stir and growth everywhere; out of this stir and growth come the creative epochs of literature."

This is a nobler and a fairer view of the critical function than Mr. Cozzens has given, though perhaps if we confine his animadversions, as he may have intended, to criticism as actually exercised in America, we may be forced to find them just. With the single exception of Mr. Whipple, there is no American writer who at all approaches Mr. Arnold's lofty standard; there is none, not even excepting Mr. Whipple, who has given us such models of finished criticism as M. Saint-Beuve in France and Mr. Arnold himself in England. But it does not follow that, because we have not yet attained perfection, we should cease to strive for it, nor is it true, as Mr. Cozzens asserts, that

"The true path for an American author to take is not to underrate *Fanny* or the *Croakers*, not to show how *Alnwick Castle* or *Marco Bozzaris* might have been improved, if the creator of these poems had only been instructed properly in metre by the modest reviewer, but to write a poem equal to any of them."

Mr. Cozzens is not alone in this belief; here again he follows Wordsworth. The poet of Rydal Mount said if the quantity of time consumed in writing critiques on the works of others were spent in trying to equal them, it would be much better employed. But the critical faculty is essentially and broadly different from the inventive faculty, and it is seldom indeed that the two are united in the same person. The poetic or creative fervor and impassioned enthusiasm is of itself unfavorable to the judicial temper of mind which just criticism demands; and he who accurately adjusts the scale of literary value, and shows us what in literature is good and what is bad, confers as great a boon as the author of the finest poem. The poet stands higher than the critic, but he stands where the critic has placed him. With this single exception we have no fault to find with Mr. Cozzens's carefully prepared and tastefully written paper. Nor, if we do not altogether agree with his high estimate of Halleck's powers, are we disposed to quarrel with him for having rated them highly. The eyes of friendship grow clearer and keener when death has washed them with its tears, and lent to the view the enchantment of its distance; and the error, if error it be, is a gracious and a kindly one. Yet, whatever may have been the quality of Halleck's genius, it cannot be denied that he was a true poet, perhaps of all American poets the one whose memory and whose verse will longest live. Mr. Cozzens's work has evidently been a labor of love, and there is no friend of the dead poet who will not feel grateful to him for his appreciative and graceful tribute. The pamphlet is, as we have said, clearly and handsomely printed and adorned with two steel engravings of Halleck, one from Inman's portrait, evidently taken when he was in the prime of life, and giving that "peculiar expression of his mouth which some of his friends said was like Voltaire's, half smile, half sneer;" the other from a picture by Elliott which represents him when years had softened, perhaps, while sobering him, and the sad experience which banished the smile had not overlooked the sneer. Perhaps it will not be amiss to mention that Mr. Bryant has been invited to prepare a memorial to be read before the Historical Society, to which we shall look forward with interest.

OUR attention is now and then invited to various little bits of gossip respecting the editors of this journal, which float about for a time in the columns of some of our contemporaries, which are usually whimsically inaccurate, and which, as we need hardly say, have not been thought worthy of formal refutation; but, as the usefulness of *The Round Table* is believed to rest in some measure upon its national characteristics, we hope to be pardoned if for once we waive our customary reticence on such subjects so far as to state that neither of the editors of *The Round Table* is an Englishman, as has frequently of late been asserted, and that no one stands in such a relation to this journal who is not American by birth, breeding, education, and feeling. Our friends of the press who have given circulation to a contrary statement will perhaps be courteous enough to correct it.

"A PURELY literary paper"—whatever that may mean—is to be commenced during this month at Chicago. Its title is to be *The Chicagoan*, and our only further knowledge of it is that the Rev. Robert Collyer is to have a special department, while Miss Harriet E. Prescott, and Messrs. Fitz-Hugh Ludlow, E. P. Whipple, Dr. Tyndall, of London, and other prominent writers have been engaged to contribute. It is about time, in the natural order of things, that Chicago had a journal in which people of refinement and culture can take a pleasure it is impossible for them to derive from the daily journals, largely filled, as they are, for the most part, with the most nauseous details of police and divorce courts, and appealing, in many other respects, to the grosser portion of the community. We prophesied, it may be remembered, a few months since, an early multiplication of first-class weekly journals in various commercial and social centres; and to make their stability and usefulness assured there is only needed the protection of international copyright, without which it must prove impossible for more than



a very limited number of such publications to maintain respectable corps of writers as well as other elements of success, which, however, the location of our new Chicago contemporary is likely to afford it.

THERE is one very lively nuisance in New York that demands mitigation, and that is the outrageous insolence of omnibus drivers, more especially to ladies. We are aware that a driver unaided by a conductor is a sorely tried man, but surely the parsimony of directors ought not to be avenged by insults to their patrons. Repeatedly of late have we witnessed instances where ladies have been taken blocks out of their way despite repeated remonstrances, and have been saluted with language which should have cost the brute employing it a taste of his own horsemanship. Yet public opinion seems to tolerate these things, and if one were to attempt the sort of protection that a gentleman would be expected in any other civilized country immediately to offer, he would probably be laughed at for his pains. One day in our presence a drunken driver who had used coarse language successively to every passenger who got into his 'bus, and whose driving threatened disaster at every moment, at last became violently abusive to an elderly gentleman, who with some difficulty managed to attract the attention of a policeman. "See here," said the gentleman, "this man is drunk, abusive, and disorderly, and I give him in charge." "How do I know," returned the policeman, "about that? S'pose he gives you in charge?" With this ironic suggestion the guardian of the law turned away, and the driver actually drove off in triumph. Does any one ever reflect how far this being slaves to servants promises to carry us?

THE sloppy and grotesque *New York Tribune* is well laughed at in the current number of *The Saturday Review*. The writing and correspondence that would scarcely be tolerated in a small provincial town in his own country naturally excite the surprise of the critic when he finds them apparently put up with in the greatest of American cities. But the world moves, and it will not always be possible for things to continue as they have been.

MR. BERGH is waging a good fight for the protection of the brute creation on our streets; can he devise no means of guarding his fellow-men from the dangers that infest them on the sidewalks in the shape of all sorts of fruit-parings? Limbs and even necks have been broken with slighter aid than an orange-peel offers, and it ought to be made an indictable offence, punishable with fine and imprisonment, to scatter such man-traps on the pavement.

BOSTON is rejoicing in the beneficent presence of a disciple—or shall we say a rival?—of Mr. Bergh, whose appropriate name is Mr. George T. Angell. Presently the philanthropic contagion will spread from the modern Athens all over its outlying suburb of New England, and we shall doubtless have a new rendering of the old line:

Man's inhumanity to beasts  
Makes countless Angells mourn.

A NOVEL called *Wind and Whirlwind* is announced for publication by Mr. Putnam on the 10th of April. There is a studious attempt at mystery respecting the authorship of this book, which is a *ruse* by no means new in the literary world; yet, without affecting a knowledge of the momentous secret, we may say that we have some reason to believe that the book will be at least no commonplace production, and that we should not be in the least surprised did it prove to be emphatically the reverse.

MR. H. B. DURAND announces for early publication *A Manual of Rites and Ritual*, by the Rev. J. J. Elmendorf, D.D.; *A Selection of Rounds, Canons, and Catches*, by ancient and modern composers, compiled as an aid in teaching and reading at sight, by Henry Carter; *What Ritual has God Appointed?* by James S. Pollock; *What is Ritualism and why ought it to be Supported?* by the Rev. R. F. Littledale, D.D.; *Communicate Fasting; Old Issues*

*under New Terms; A Treatise on the Relations of the Church, Rome, and Dissent*, by the Rev. W. H. Smythe; *Plain Words for Non-Episcopalians*, by the Rev. Edward M. Gushee; *Occasional Services and Prayers used by the Students of the General Theological Seminary; True Catholic Liberty*, by the Rev. James A. Bolles, D.D.; *The Unpossessed Land*, by the Rev. Leighton Coleman, and *The Italian Reform Movement*, which is described as an article written by a clergyman who has been over the ground personally, and who is qualified to judge of just what is going on and needed in Italy.

PROF. H. B. HACKETT is engaged upon the revision of the Old Testament for the American Bible Union, to be added to the version of the New Testament published by the same institution about a year ago. Prof. Noyes, of Cambridge, has likewise nearly completed a translation of the New Testament to supplement that of portions of the Old, which he has already issued. In this, one of the striking features is the abolition of the conceit, silly enough but so strongly grounded as to make its abandonment difficult, of the division into verses; substituting paragraphs in prose matter, and parallelisms in the poetry, with marginal figures referring to the verses. A remarkable biblical work has likewise been perfected in France by the Abbé Gainet, Curé of Comontreuil and Member of the Academy of Rheims, who, after a life of diligent labor and research, has just given to the world the embodiment of its results in five octavo volumes which he calls *La Bible sans la Bible*. The justice of this paradoxical title appears when it is understood that the plan, which he has carried out, was to construct the biblical history from the time of the creation, by means of the collation and combination of historical documents, traditions, monuments, etc. The success of this array of profane history, as amassed by the latest investigations, is emphatically and triumphantly attested by the dignitaries of the Roman Church in Europe, including prelates, literary and scientific men, and the work, doubtless, is one of which much will be heard, inasmuch as it is claimed for it that it conclusively silences infidel assaults upon the truth of biblical history.

MESSRS. SHELTON & Co. announce, what is also explained in the April number of *The Galaxy*, that, after this issue, the magazine will be published by them, the Messrs. Church, however, still retaining its editorial management. It is to be enlarged so as to contain fifty per cent. more reading matter than heretofore; two new departments will be added—and be placed, of course, in charge of the usual distinguished literary gentlemen—one to be devoted to public and social topics of current intercourse, the other to literary criticism. To judge from experience the independence and impartiality of the latter department will not be increased by the change, which puts the magazine under the control of a large publishing house; what improvement may result in other respects time only can show. The publisher's promises of future perfection are profuse enough to warrant exalted hopes, and there is certainly room for considerable progress, in saying which we do not by any means intend to disparage the past achievements of *The Galaxy*, which in many notable respects has handsomely justified the anticipations of its friends.

MESSRS. CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFELFINGER are to give us very shortly, as the first book bearing their imprint, another contribution to the verbal criticism now so popular. Its title-page reads: *Vulgarisms and Other Errors of Speech; including a chapter on Taste and one containing examples of Bad Taste*.

MESSRS. HURD & HOUGHTON announce *Life in the Argentine Republic in the Days of the Tyrants; or, Civilization and Barbarism*, from the Spanish of Col. Sarmiento, minister plenipotentiary to the United States, with a biographical sketch of the author by Mrs. Mary Mano.

MESSRS. BLELOCK & Co. purpose issuing from their house in New Orleans a monthly, entitled *The Southern Book-seller*.

MR. WILLIAM M. BURWELL has assumed the editorial charge of *De Bow's Review*, which is now the property of Mrs. De Bow, and will henceforth be published at New Orleans.

QUEEN VICTORIA has directed, in response to solicitations in behalf of her Welsh-speaking subjects to whom English works are at present closed, that her *Journal* shall be translated into the ancient language of the Cymry. The Rev. J. Jones, vicar of Llandissilio, near Newquay, Cardiganshire, an eminent Welsh scholar, has accordingly been desired to undertake the work.

THE LAUREATE'S contributions, previously mentioned in these columns, to prominent English periodicals, would seem to have disturbed the equilibrium of the magazine world. At any rate, an enterprising editor, by way of counterpoise to Dr. MacLeod's acquisition of Mr. Tennyson's muse, has invoked—Mr. Tupper's. Here is a sample stanza from what that gifted bard styles *A Protestant Ballad for the Times*, which *The Imperial Review* selects on the ground that, "with its simple and ungrammatical personal details, [it] will doubtless be equally interesting to the poet's admirers and detractors":

"For I come from a stock of confessors myself,  
Of a Protestant house, before Luther was born,  
Who were martyrs from power, from place, and from pelf,  
For religion, from homes in old Germany torn;  
And near the dark days when old Latimer bled,  
My fathers escaped to their Sarnian home,  
Or further away to America fled,  
To hide from the rage of idolatrous Rome."

From the following lines, which we take from *Fun*, it will be seen that the contagion of Mr. Tennyson's stupidity seems to infect even his parodists:

"Tennyson stood in the wet,  
And he and his publishers met,  
His publishers cursing and swearing.  
And they said, 'O Tennyson tell us,  
Have you anything good to sell us  
The public mind it enrages,  
To read such bosh by pages.  
The Victim was little better,  
And oh! that *Spiteful Letter*!  
They spoke, their poor hair tearing,  
Tennyson poems rehearsing,  
Publishers cursing and swearing,  
Tennyson swearing and cursing."

THE REV. W. D. MACRAY, one of the librarians in the Bodleian Library and chaplain of Magdalen and New Colleges, at Oxford, is about to publish a volume whose value will not be exclusively to foreign bibliophiles. It is entitled, *"Annals of the Bodleian Library, from its foundation to A.D. 1867"*, containing an account of the various collections of printed books and MSS. there preserved, with a brief preliminary sketch of the earlier library of the University.

A DOCUMENT interesting to the same class of students, though more especially to those of historical tastes, has been printed by the English Treasury, by order of Parliament. This is a list of "all the Record Publications relating to England and Wales," published up to the close of 1866, with all bibliographical details concerning them, and the same information concerning the records of Ireland and Scotland, the whole constituting no mean library, and containing a large proportion of the materials of the English historian. Among the books included are the *Saxon Chronicles*, *Domesday Book*, Calendars of Irish Rolls and of English State papers, the Monkish Historians, etc., etc.

MR. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE is writing a poem on Tristram and Ysolde. He is likewise, according to a rumor mentioned by *The Athenaeum*, to contribute to the Early English Text Society's edition of Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* an essay on *The Women of Arthurian Romance*, maintaining different views from those advanced in Mr. Tennyson's *Idylls*.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER's admirers in Edinburgh purpose erecting in that city a statue to his memory. Lady Brewster has received from the Queen a pension of £200 a year—the first pension under Mr. Disraeli's régime.

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